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is not now permitted
The ~~Only~~ Paper that ~~Does~~ to Tell You ~~All~~ The Truth

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

"Forbidden to write my views, I am giving the views of others which coincide with my own, culled from many different sources."

*** LUCY HOUSTON.

Expectations Never Realised

Lord Rothermere warns the nation of the peril from foreign airplanes, "more terrible than Britain ever had to pass through in her history."

There is rising on the Continent, he says, a military power full of aggressive designs which may at any time be directed against this country, with a highly organised civil air service, which is the well-spring of her present flow of fighting pilots. And that is England's great necessity. He names that power—Germany. Lady Houston entirely agrees with Lord Rothermere—excepting—that *She* names that power—RUSSIA.

Lady Houston has the greatest admiration for Lord Rothermere, but he will be the first to admit that his expectations—*re* Mr. MacDonald's leadership of the "National Government"—have never been realised. Lord Rothermere has always seen the Prime Minister through rose-coloured spectacles, and his estimation of his character has been—more—what he wished him to be—*than what he is*.

Lady Houston has had no illusions about Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. She never expected him to act any differently—or—to be different to what he is, and has judged him by results which *She* considers the only fair way to judge a public man.

A Message from Lady Houston, D.B.E.

Hitler is a patriot. He loves his country. He does not drag down her defences, but he builds them up. He has the wisdom and understanding to know that the way to peace is to be thoroughly

and amply prepared for war. Bravo, Hitler! English politicians please copy.

Dutch Air Progress

A report which the League of Nations has just issued shows that, on financial results, the Dutch air line K.L.M. is the most successful in Europe.

K.L.M. has reached the point where it is 76 per cent. independent of subsidy.

Finland comes next, having got to within 70 per cent. of paying its way. It is ahead of Imperial Airways, third on the list at 61 per cent.

The Dutch line outstrips Imperial Airways not only in financial results but also in speed. It is operating machines with a speed of 200 m.p.h., as compared with 100 m.p.h. of the big machines of Imperial Airways.

Evening Standard.

The National Defence Debate

If Germany is showing in unmistakable fashion that she intends to be in a position in future to defend herself, it must be recognised that the enormous force of all arms of which Soviet Russia openly vaunts these days must make Central



European nations take heed to their own defences. Except in words, the Soviet Government has never made apparent the least intention of limiting its armed forces. It has always boasted of these as if

they formed the nucleus of an international army, but of this it can be taken as quite certain that they would be used for purely national purposes were it at any time deemed advisable so to do.

The idea that the Soviet Army is comprised of men with a brotherly love for workers in other countries is a myth, in spite of the favour with which our Communists view the Red Army, and if Germany has been forced to recognise the danger on her Eastern flank it is not unnatural.



In our own case, the Government appears to be using Germany to hide up their gross neglect. Our defences in all arms are in a pitiable state, and in olden days the Ministers responsible would have been impeached, and rightly so. But what has gone before to produce our present inferiority is slurred over, and the servile Press last week seized the opportunity to pat Mr. Ramsay MacDonald on the back for his warning the nation of its perils, which exist largely as a result of his policy.

The risks we have been running have been obvious for years past, and it is also quite certain that it is going to take years to repair this neglect. We are still fettered as regards the Navy by the Washington and London Treaties, and yet in the debate last week the Prime Minister got away with the remark he made that British naval needs and ratios could not be fixed in relation to home waters alone. And when he said that we have unique responsibility of a world-wide character, did he bear that in mind when he approved our cruiser force being reduced from the Admiralty minimum of seventy to only fifty units?

This policy has been stated as leaving us only two cruisers available for convoy duties after the requirements of the Fleet itself have been met.

All that the Prime Minister announced was that we were still prepared to discuss. The time for talk, however, has long since passed, and deeds are the only things that will restore the Navy to a level at which it can perform its duties.

The Government has had to admit that its information about the German air forces late last year was wrong, but the country was assured last week that it would have full protection in the air and that steps were already being taken for further and accelerated expansion of the British Air Force. As Sir Austen Chamberlain stated, however, the country is entitled to something more than this assurance, and there should be full explanation of

how the Government has been so misled. In his speech Sir Austen uttered a strong warning to Germany, declaring that—

If she is really peacefully intending to enter into a partnership with other nations, she will be welcomed by us perhaps more heartily than by any other nation, but if she will not join in the family of nations, if instead of seeking to persuade she means to extort, or to impose her will, then she will find this country in her path again, and with this country those great free commonwealths which centre round it, and she will have met a force which will once again be her master.

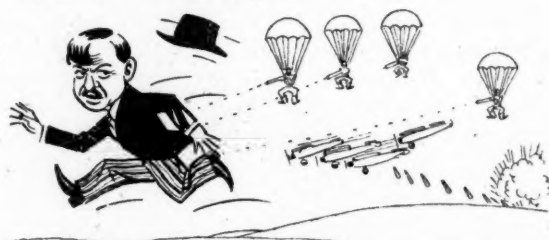
These were brave words, but there will have to be a very striking change from the pacifist policy of past years if the country is to be put into a state where it can deem itself secure. Lady Houston, in last week's *Saturday Review*, did right to recall what our neglect of Lord Roberts's advice in the years preceding the War cost us in life and treasure. Had we been prepared in 1914, the Great War would probably never have been started, but, judging by his record, it seems too much to expect that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will ever consent to make the full preparations which are now so essential to our welfare.

The only remedy now for this country is to arm against all eventualities, and Lady Houston took the right note in her article when she wrote:—

England is the richest country—but unless now she pours out all her wealth, not in new roads, not in hideous buildings, but in a great campaign of preparation for war throughout the whole Empire—by building the greatest Navy in the world—and unless all the Empire follows suit—all is lost and we are doomed.

The Patriot.

The Gifts of the Magi



M. Laval, with M. Litvinov and General Voroshilov, visited the closely-guarded Soviet military airdrome at Monino, near Moscow, and saw giant bombers and chaser planes execute intricate manoeuvres. One big turn is the "power dive" of five chaser machines swooping down almost to the ground at 280 m.p.h. In the next act twenty-four parachutists flutter down from the bombers. One presents Mlle. Laval with a bouquet.

Parachutist snipers descending from thousands of red bombers will hand out other gifts on the day that trouble starts.

Quotas or Tariffs?

The Conservative Parliamentary Agricultural Committee has unanimously passed a resolution which is to be sent to the Chancellor of the Ex-

chequer and the Minister of Agriculture. This resolution says:

This Committee desires to represent to the Government its emphatic opinion that the British sugar-beet industry should be preserved in both the agricultural and national interests and that, instead of a subsidy and Excise duties, there should be a tariff on foreign sugar, with Empire preferences.



This is not only a solution of the problem, it is also a solution conceived in the true Conservative spirit. It is, in fact, the policy for all agriculture which the *Evening Standard* has preached for many years, and which everybody believed had triumphed at the General Election of 1931.

The issue of tariffs was then put to the country, which voted for them in overwhelming numbers.

If the Government subsequently formed had been a purely Conservative one, then the adoption of the tariff system for agricultural products as well as for manufactured articles would not have been in doubt.

But the Conservatism of the Government was diluted by Liberal and Free Trade influences. They have ever since, by multitudinous devices, contrived to hamper and delay the achievement of the true Conservative aim.

Alternatives, such as marketing boards and subsidies, have been tried. Marketing boards have failed. Subsidies arouse a natural resentment on the part of the taxpayer and do damage to the cause which they are meant to serve.

Now at last the way is open for the adoption of the straightforward, clear-cut tariff policy.

Mr. Baldwin himself has said, not so long ago, that the movement of all future Governments must be in the direction of tariffs and away from subsidies and quotas.

Let us hope that from now onwards the movement will gather such a strength, such a determination, that before long the entire framework of our fiscal system will be built upon tariffs.

It should be a pleasure to Mr. Neville Chamberlain to receive the Agricultural Committee's resolution, and when the aim of that resolution is achieved, when its principles are applied to the whole of British agriculture, who should have greater cause for rejoicing than the Chancellor of the Exchequer? For he is the residuary legatee of the tariff policy.

Evening Standard.

For Tariffs

Lo! this only have I found, that God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions.

The upright Government man would be the one, made at the last election, who carried out what he was elected to do.

The country voted for tariffs on foodstuffs as well as on iron and steel. The National Government were set up in office on that understanding. Alas! The Free Trade element, incorporated in the Government, sought out other inventions. They created quotas, subsidies, marketing boards, for the poor agriculturist—and the inventions did not work.

Now the constituencies and the country are roused against this policy. Even the docile Conservatives in the House of Commons have protested. The Conservative Parliamentary Agricultural Committee demand a tariff on foreign sugar. It is the beginning of a movement which will make a revolution in Government policy.

Daily Express.

[The only revolution the head of this Government has as yet attempted or seems capable of is the one mentioned on the back page of this paper.—ED., *Saturday Review.*]

♦♦

Socialist Spendthrifts

The rural and urban councils of Glamorgan have revolted at the continued increase of county council expenditure. These bodies, all of whom are responsible for collecting rates for the county council, declared that it would be impossible to collect those now being levied.

At the end of March, 1933, five depressed areas in Monmouthshire had £170,000 arrears of rates; four urban districts in Glamorgan were unable to



collect £230,000 rates due. Added to these figures, the above bodies had to wipe off about £100,000 arrears in rates and rents as a bad debt.

If local government is to survive in South Wales expenditure must be adjusted to the earnings of the people. The public are concerned not only as ratepayers, but also as taxpayers, and the expenditure of these two authorities represents an annual demand of over £5,000,000. The administrative costs of both authorities are ridiculously exorbitant, and a rigid revision of the costs of the innumerable departments and services would result in a saving of scores of thousands of pounds, without in any way interfering with the efficiency of the services.

In the light of this knowledge, it is interesting to note the Socialist viewpoint on Merthyr, as coming from the mouth of Mr. D. R. Grenfell, M.P. for Gower. During the debate on the Budget, he asked whether the Government intended merging Merthyr with Glamorgan county. Instead of throwing Merthyr Tydfil into Glamorgan, the Government should "adopt it in order to try an experiment in the way of restoring better conditions in a small compact area."

Presumably the Government should "adopt" every district where financial chaos has been the result chiefly of Socialist waste and muddle. And presumably the cost of the "adoption" would come *via* the Government out of the taxpayers' pockets.

The Patriot.

The Moral of the Jubilee

It is generally agreed that the National and Imperial rejoicings upon the King's Jubilee have surpassed anything hitherto recorded in our annals. A spontaneity and untiy of feeling affected the whole population with a completeness never formerly known.

There is one sinister difference between the Jubilee we have just celebrated and those of Queen Victoria. Then we had safety and independence. Now we have neither. During the Boer War, when we had not a soldier left at home, a European coalition comprising all the greatest Powers on the Continent seemed about to be hatched up against us.

But the strength of the British Navy was so overwhelming that the commissioning of an extra squadron was sufficient to disperse these designs. In those days we could practise "splendid isolation" and tread our own path according to our own judgment.

How different is our lot to-day, when our crowded cities, our dockyards, arsenals, and factories all lie within the swift and easy stroke of the great air forces of the Continent, and when we all have to dwell almost at the sufferance of Governments who share none of our ideals and who may, for all we know, covet our possessions.

It would indeed be the grimmest and most mocking tragedy of history if in that very epoch when the British people were most contented with their institutions and most hopeful of their future they should be struck down, despoiled and subjugated through the base neglect of the elementary duty of self-defence.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL in the *Daily Mail*.

Ray of Moonshine

Reports of the invention of a "ray" which could immediately stop the engines of motor cars and airplanes have come from many quarters of the earth in the last few years.

Senator Marconi has been performing some experiments near Rome. Their nature has not

been disclosed. Rumour has come to the rescue, however; it is being whispered that there is a connection between these experiments and the sudden and otherwise inexplicable breakdown of numerous motor cars while travelling on the road between Rome and Ostia.

Scientists in London hold the prosaic view that the experiments were concerned with short-wave radio transmission.

One of them with whom I talked thought it possible that Marconi had improved upon existing methods for controlling a car or airplane by beam wireless. But he added that, as for stopping strange motor cars or airplanes without the foreknowledge and consent of their drivers, even if a ray capable of such feats were invented its effect could be neutralised by a tinfoil shield.

Nevertheless, rumours will persist. The next one will come from Germany, in which country—so Mr. Anthony Fokker tells me—certain people are most emphatically claiming to have invented a beam which will stop any aircraft engine.

• *Evening Standard.*

In the present House of Commons there are :—

Conservatives . . . 461

National Liberals . . . 35

National Socialists . . . 13

At the General Election in 1931 the following were the votes received by the above parties :—

Conservatives 11,926,000

National Liberals 809,000

National Socialists 343,000

The Sunset Bugle

Before the War, sunset was saluted in His Majesty's ships by "the sentries firing their rifles" as the White Ensign was lowered.

This form of salute is still obligatory according to King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions. The War, however, has altered the practice, and at sunset to-day there will be no rifles fired by the Fleet in the Thames.

Instead, buglers will sound the Alert simultaneously on 22 quarterdecks, while all men on deck face aft, standing at attention.

All officers on deck will salute. Then, to the notes of the Sunset Bugle, the colours will be slowly lowered by the signalman of the Watch.

Evening Standard.

The Unimportance of Being A Socialist

By Loyalist

NEVER perhaps has Socialism received such a setback as during the recent Jubilee celebrations. All the hectic outpourings, the seditious attempts to belittle and besmirch the Royal Family, the execrable effusions of certain papers—supported, no doubt, by Soviet money—have been swept away in the spontaneous, overwhelming surge of loyal enthusiasm which has spread from end to end of England.

Here and there, it is true, the Socialists have made feeble attempts to wreck and mar the Jubilee manifestations, attempts which have, however, been hooted down and destroyed before they have had time to fulfil their purpose. To quote only two incidents of this, one might mention the swift retribution which befell the Communist motto erected in Fleet Street, and the tearing down of the red flag which was hoisted on a building in Marylebone.

MOSCOW'S BITTER PILL

The irrepressible enthusiasm so foreign to the usual British phlegm has astonished the whole of Europe. In Italy, Austria, France and Germany the papers have been full of admiration and amazement—only in Russia has there been an ominous silence. For, though Moscow was quick to inform the world that it had drunk the King's health during the visit of Mr. Eden it has entirely disapproved the Jubilee, for the last thing the Soviet want to see is England happy and glorious.

The chiefs of the U.S.S.R. have found the manifest popularity of the English Royal Family and the triumph of the Jubilee a bitter pill to swallow, more especially after the new programme which has recently been published by the Comintern, a programme which talks of creating a Soviet State in England, of "liquidating" (or in other words "murdering") the Royal Family, and of installing a Red Army, a Red Navy, Air Force and Police Force in the British Isles, at the end of which they promise that the "English Soviet will stand before the other people with clean, bare hands."

Foolishly ignorant of the inner meaning of the true ethics of Socialism, some of the younger set in fashionable society have at times thought it "smart" or "original" to voice socialistic sentiments. They have

liked to imagine themselves imbued with a message, disciples of a new and rather exciting doctrine. They have spouted the usual well-worn clichés . . . Equality for all! Nationalisation of industries! Destruction of capitalism!

What, after all, is Socialism, and to what ultimate goal does it lead its followers? To Communism and the subordination of the individual in the community. To Bolshevism, the abolition of private property, the destruction of the existing civilisation, a reversion to barbarism, the liquidation or (again in plain English) the "murder" of the intellectual workers, to the "remodelling of childhood," which means teaching children to revolt against their parents, teaching them to spy on them and betray them to the dreaded "Ogpu," bringing them up to despise Religion, employing them to parade obscene posters in the streets.

That is what Socialism has led Russia to. And meanwhile the English Socialist Party talk glibly of being imbued with idealism, of framing their schemes of socialisation so that they will stand the test of practical operation, of facing business problems with business heads. All of which sounds very plausible and praiseworthy did one not know that these ambiguous phrases are merely bombastic platitudes, which mean nothing and are entirely futile.

LOYALTY TRIUMPHS

For when have the Socialists ever lived up to the ideals which they have preached? When have they followed their precepts of renunciation and equality? And when have they refused the chance of a great position or of high office when it came their way?

Can one wonder that they have kept very quiet during the Jubilee celebrations? All their well-worn clichés were drowned in the cheers which greeted the King's drives through London. The red flag was trampled on, and pushed out of sight by the Union Jacks which fluttered from every window and above every doorway.

"The Briton for once wore his heart upon his sleeve," states the *Northern Mail and Newcastle Chronicle*, and no one who witnessed the vast crowds which thronged the London thoroughfares can for one moment doubt that that heart is loyal.

Wanted: A Conservative Party With a Conservative Policy

By Kim

EVEN this Government cannot any longer pretend to be blind to the solidarity of the nation suddenly revealed by the King's Jubilee and the homage paid his Majesty. They have discovered that the Union Jack despised by the London County Council and spat upon by sundry Ministers as an Emblem of Empire, is not only beloved by the Diehards, but by the teeming millions who work for mere pittance and dwell in mean streets, men and women who collected their hard-earned pence and purchased Union Jacks to evidence that they love their King and Queen and have no place in their true hearts for Socialism and all its horrors. The people have proved how utterly wrong is the Government's estimate of them when they declared they were going all International. So low is the stock of the disruptionists that Lord Passmore (the once notorious Mr. Sidney Webb) thinks it wiser to reject finally the Fabian Society and all its works.

The Government leaders realised suddenly—that we have tried to teach them for so long—that their wretched Little England policy is entirely out of touch with the great-hearted millions who cheered the King and all that Monarchy represents. It was significant that on Jubilee Day, despite the enthusiastic cheers given to all and sundry from the most humble soldier upwards, considerable restraint was observed when the Ministers of the Crown were driving by. No enthusiasm was shown for the Prime Minister, and at some places there were hisses—which with less good tempered people than the English would have been much worse. Scarcely surprising, because devotion to one's King and all it entails does not coincide with the policy of disarming the nation and leaving it entirely at the mercy of its enemies. The Ministers of the Crown have treacherously neglected their duty.

THE SAME OLD PACK

It is not surprising in the circumstances to learn that the Government are apparently being manipulated in order to try to convince the nation that they are really Imperialist and not Disruptionist, but this will not wash, it is the same greasy old pack. The great idea is to throw a few sops to the people and carry on as before until the opportune moment arrives to hold a General Election in the Autumn, and come back to power on the wave of a pretended patriotism that does not exist and never has existed as far as the present members of the Government are concerned. We are really quite cold about the whispered changes which the political journalists are kindly reporting for our benefit. The people are deadly sick of them.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald may or may not go, and he may become either a Peer or the Secretary

of State for Foreign Affairs, which would please Russia best. He has dragged us all these years into the utmost peril (where we now are) by his disarmament conferences which have only caused the world to laugh and deride us. Sir John Simon is to be sacked or put on another pedestal. He wants the Lord Chancellorship, but if Lord Sankey goes Lord Hailsham has the reversion of it. Lord Londonderry may resign (and well should he in view of the criminal neglect of our Air Defences) but another of a like kidney will take his place, probably Sir Philip Sassoon. Mr. Runciman may be translated elsewhere or he may not, but whatever the result of this General Post the fact remains they are the same old lot, failures, utter failures in honest leadership. It is said Mr. Baldwin will become Prime Minister once more. He has held office on two occasions and on both has proved an absolute failure. He has failed because he is not a true Conservative. At heart and in all his public works he has shown himself consistent only as a wrecker. He has sold the Conservative Party to a hybrid and bastard association of surrenderists and Little Englanders. So any reconstruction is only a bluff.

ABUSING A TRUST

In 1931 the people of this country voted for certain definite things. They voted for Protection, to stop foreign dumping of food and manufactured goods. They did not get it because Mr. Baldwin (who should have controlled Parliament) permitted Mr. Runciman, a rabid Free Trader, to occupy the key position. We all know how Mr. Runciman abused the trust of the electorate by making black pacts with the Argentines, Danes, and other nations to our weakness. Lord Beaverbrook, who is a true Imperialist with a singular devotion to the Empire, says quite truly that the present Government were returned to *build up home production of foodstuffs*, in other words to make agriculture a success. The Government did not do this; on the contrary they made the pacts which have practically ruined agriculture, and it was Mr. Baldwin who devised that horrible fraud the Quota (no doubt at the suggestion of the Prime Minister). Every Conservative wanted a tariff to protect the British farmer from the foreigner and give the Dominions a footing in the market on preferential terms excepting the man who calls himself the Conservative leader! To-day with the Dominion Ministers in London nothing can be done until 1936 because of Mr. Runciman, a Free Trade Liberal, who only got his seat by Mr. Baldwin cheating the Conservatives out of their votes.

In 1931 the British Public, voting for a Conservative Government, little dreamed that this power

they placed in the hands of Mr. Baldwin would be used to produce a White Paper to give away India and to use every shift and subterfuge that could be enlisted, to give the control of that country to the Empire's enemies, the Congress Party. Last week-end Sir Henry Page Croft told an audience near Bournemouth that the Bill should be withdrawn on the grounds that it was to the detriment of India, whose representatives universally opposed it, and if proceeded with would further embitter relations between India and England. This sums up the evil Bill, the bantling of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald conceived to please Russia and ruin India, and adopted by Mr. Baldwin and Sir Samuel Hoare. The Government have been defeated in debate throughout this Bill in Committee, but have ignored this and proceeded with it by lies and false pretences throughout. What right had this Government to bring in such a Bill? None. None whatsoever without a mandate from the Country. If the Bill becomes law the effect will be wholesale massacre of the English in India.

In 1931 the people wanted a Government to bring them stabilisation and a chance of gaining prosperity. This Government claim to have stabilised finance by penal taxation and cuts, but it was not the Government, but the commercial genius of the nation that recovered and slurred over the indiscretions of the politicians, though many fell by the wayside. But what have this self-boasting Government done for commerce except eat at big City banquets? They have ruined shipping. No solitary Act is on the Statute Book for our Merchant Service. Subsidised foreign shipping still uses our ports and bars our ships from

theirs. Wherever we look this Government has not done one single thing for British Trade that could not have been done infinitely better by a Conservative Government which put Britain first. Lancashire cotton is a tragic example of their utter incompetency.

In 1931 the British people had no smattering whatever that the "National" Government would not only not take up disarmament, but like a Simple Simon actually proceed to disarm while Germany and others at once put up a vast programme, with an eye on the inevitable break-up of the British Empire thanks to the pusillanimity of the Government. If this pacifism is now checked little thanks are due to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin. What the nation needs is a change of heart in our political leaders not a shuffling of portfolios.

It wants an Imperialist Government led by men who put the Nation and the Empire in the foreground. It wants its national defences to be the strongest possible in view of contingencies. In trade it demands that the home producer comes first, with the Dominions next, a stroke of policy which should have been conceded years ago. It wants this India surrender cut out here and now. It is no use arguing that the "National" Government is better than a Socialist Government because there is no reason why the nation should have to select from two evils. For these reasons we ask Conservatives to unite in a demand that they shall select a new leader before they embark on a General Election and that this new leader shall be an Imperialist and a Conservative who is proud to stand by his principles. Only by such means shall we become strong and independent.

CABINET CHANGES

A reconstructed Cabinet
Is wanted, I allow,
Provided it is not so wet
As that which functions now.
But those who know how Westminster
Pursues its little game
Assure us that, unless they err,
It will be much the same.

Even as the rude but artful leech
New remedies invents,
But carefully inserts in each
The same ingredients,
So, when they shuffle ministries,
They change the labels o'er,
But what they give the public is
The mixture as before.

How can the public bosom throb,
What tension can it ease,
If Ramsay merely quits his job
To take up Stanley B.'s?
If Halifax and Lothian swap,
Belisha trades with Brown,
If one gets nearer to the top,
And someone else comes down,

If Simon's made Lord Chancellor,
And Runcy takes his place,
If Thomas trades with Ormsby-Gore,
Or Elliot's beaming face
Adorns some new portfolio,
How will that help us, pray,
When half the gang are due to go,
And gone, to stay away?

Let Ramsay go. He's done his best
The nation's power to dim;
The doctors say he needs a rest,
And we need one from him.
Let Simon go. His timid soul
No confidence affords;
Geneva ought to be his goal,
Or else the House of Lords.

Belisha, Elliot, Sassoon,
Jim Thomas, Samuel Hoare—
To lose them all would be a boon,
And maybe several more.
If reconstruction's worth the while—
And who shall say it's not?—
Should we not do the thing in style
And reconstruct the lot?

HAMADRYAD.

An Army Anniversary

But only a Skeleton Force Celebrates the Glories of the Past

By Major H. Reade

TWO hundred and fifty years ago, in 1685, King James II made the most notable addition to the British Regular Army that has ever been made. The Scots Guards, Northumberland Fusiliers, Royal Warwicks, Royal Fusiliers, the King's (Liverpool), the Norfolks, the Lincolns, the Devons, Suffolks and Somerset Light Infantry, and the West and East Yorks were added to the then very small body of infantry soldiers serving the Crown, while to the cavalry he added the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th Dragoon Guards and the regiments now known as the 3rd and 4th Hussars.

In other words, he created the nucleus of the present Regular Army, being a very able administrator, realising the urgent need of combating the French attempts to gain control of Canada and being ready to support the great ideal of beginning the fight for the British Empire.

In all he increased the Army to the strength of twenty infantry regiments and eleven cavalry regiments and, although he was driven from the throne three years later, the wisdom of his Army increase was the chief factor which eventually decided the establishment of the British Empire.

His successor, William III, raised in the face of great French dangers the 1st Gloucesters and the 1st Worcesters (both of these distinguished regiments had been originally formed in 1694 and afterwards disbanded), the 1st East Lancshires, the 1st East Surreys and the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry (these latter two began their careers as marine units), the 1st Duke of Wellington's, the 1st Border Regiment, the 1st Royal Sussex and the 2nd Worcesters (these last two were raised in Ireland), the 1st Hants, the 1st South Staffords and the 1st Dorsets.

Power Behind the Throne

The driving power behind the Throne was the famous Duke of Marlborough. His was the big brain behind the composition of the Army, always fighting against great difficulties at home and abroad and the prejudices of politicians and older professional soldiers. He wanted to increase and modernise the Army. The politicians wanted to decrease it, and the old generals to keep it as it was in the same old rut.

The next notable increase was in 1715. After the Peace of Utrecht in 1713 the greater part of the Army had been disbanded much as after the Great War in 1919. But this was soon recognised as folly, and six new regiments of cavalry, now known as the 9th Lancers, 10th and 11th Hussars, 12th Lancers, 13th and 14th Hussars, were raised and added to the Army.

Then later, in 1755-6, great dangers threatened. Heavy losses in America and a thoroughly incom-

petent and spineless Ministry at home—its counterpart is in existence now—was incapable of acting so as to prevent a French invasion, at that time momentarily feared. All the Ministry could do was to suggest hiring Hanoverians and Hessians, and only after terrific pressure did they permit the raising of new regiments now known as the 1st Royal West Kents, the 1st King's Yorkshire Light Infantry, 2nd Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, 1st Shropshire Light Infantry, 2nd Dorsets, 2nd Borders, 2nd Essex, 1st Middlesex, 2nd Northamptons and the 2nd East Lancshires, and the Royal Americans, now surviving as the 60th Rifles (King's Royal Rifle Corps).

All along the line we were badly defeated when, by the grace of God, a strong man came on the political scene, William Pitt. He sent the foreign hired troops pell mell out of the country, devised a Militia Act to train all the men to the service of arms, and raised at once fifteen new infantry regiments, of which ten remain: the 2nd Gloucesters, 2nd Royal Bucks, 2nd Hampshires, 2nd East Surreys, 2nd Welch, 1st Durham Light Infantry, 1st Manchesters, 1st Wilts and the 1st (North) Staffords. He also strengthened the artillery and commenced what is now the Royal Engineers by the formation of a Company of Miners.

A Skeleton Army

History is now repeating itself. Faced by many European dangers and many threats to the safety and existence of the Empire, our Ministers have allowed our Army to dwindle down in strength until it can with difficulty find the reliefs required to garrison the Empire ports and the units at home are only mere skeleton cadres of strength.

Instead of the Government realising that war at some time or other is inevitable, they continue prating of eternal peace as if this world, with its great international economic struggles, its thousand and one jealousies and competitions, was an idyllic heaven, and are utterly unmindful of the lesson of Jehu of old, which might well be applied to the Germany of to-day.

We have no Pitt, no Marlborough. By no stretch of imagination can any of our Cabinet be called bold, enterprising, brilliant or even capable, when the issues of Empire life and death are in the melting pot. No General at present in command of any of our garrisons, big or small, India or at home, has had any real experience in moving about large bodies of men in the field. Even the Commander-in-Chief in India has not. And most of our generals are far too old to undertake seriously any command involving great physical and mental strain.

We are just drifting onwards to the next storm

in which the barque of Empire and State may easily be engulfed. We are really utterly unprepared, and the fault is that of the Government.

In a few days' time the celebrations to commemorate the 250th anniversary of the raising of those distinguished regiments which were in the vanguard of our old Regular Army will be com-

mencing. Are they to have any practical recognition from the public? Can there be no demand made to raise at once twenty new regiments of light tanks and ten of medium tanks and to modernise the Army from top to bottom at once in personnel? That would be a practical method of celebrating this great anniversary.

India Bill Absurdities

By O. C. G. Hayter, I.P.S. (Retired)

THE recently convicted conspirators in Bengal who sought to upset the King's Government, and actually committed murders and dacoities and had ideas including poisoned daggers, might well have *all* been transported for life. The youngest are the most dangerous, as they have the most time for their devilries.

All this, combined with the Moscow Communist stuff and the Hindu-Muslim warfare, has at least made some impression upon the British public and Parliament, by dint of "die-hard" agitation. At least so much has been gained—the National-Slush Government has been driven from one position to another.

The position of the Government and its Bill, in the vital matter of law and order in India, is now definitely this: the powers given to the Governors to "act in their discretion," or to "exercise their individual judgment" in certain circumstances, are held to safeguard peace and order should the Provincial Ministers go wrong or wobbly. The framers of the Bill evidently thought they had found good cover when they invented this idea of individual judgment, namely that the Governor might go against the advice of his Minister after receiving it, even when affairs might be represented as not dangerous enough for him to act "in his discretion," that is to say, without waiting for any advice.

Weakness Exposed

They thought this would reassure the uninformed, the superficial and those who make a parade of "recognising sincere apprehensions," but say "yes," directly the Secretary of State gives them a chance.

The distinction between "discretion" and "individual judgment" is explained in the Memorandum printed with the Bill and is most importantly illustrated in Clauses 52 and 57. The former details special responsibilities. Where these are involved the Governor may disagree with Ministers as to action to be taken, and go his own way. It is only necessary to mention the two first, (a) prevention of grave menace to the peace (b) safeguarding minorities.

Now, it must be remembered that this constitutional power to disagree will not alter the fact that the Governor will risk resignation by the Ministry whenever he disagrees. It will be a much

worse position for him to receive advice, and reject it, than to say, "this is so dangerous and alarming that I must act at once, in my discretion, without waiting for my Ministers who, however, I feel sure would agree with what I intend." If the Governor's action succeeded and won praise, the Ministers would of course agree, and would probably say that they *had* given that sort of advice all along.

Clause 57 empowers the Governor to act "in his discretion," that is, without his Ministers, if the danger to peace comes from crimes or conspiracies intended to overthrow the Government (as in the recent Bengal case). Now, here is another very material point. How can it be said that an attack upon a minority, or some such grave menace to peace as an agrarian revolt, or general strike, is not "intended to overthrow the Government"? Very likely it may be, if it goes on well enough. In this vital sense, there is no rhyme or reason in making these distinctions between the Governor's powers under Clause 52 and Clause 57. It should be "discretion" in both cases.

The Real Vice

Communal conflicts are often very terrible and shameful affairs and the Governor should act immediately, if the Minister fails to do so in an adequate way. It may take time for the Governor to obtain and consider the Minister's advice. They may be at opposite ends of the country, and the Governor may be at the "business end."

The whole vice of the policy, however, lies in the permission given to a political majority element (not trusted, as the "safeguards" show) to play the devil with the people from January to December, with interferences only in a proved emergency, sufficient to warrant a clash between the Governor and his Ministers. The real, true position is that law and order is NOT a Provincial subject, except merely for conveniences in administration. In itself, it is the peace of India, essentially an imperial subject. If we leave the day-to-day control of the smouldering warfare between Hindus and Muslims to a provincial coterie of Hindus here and of Muslims there, what are we in India for? Our virtue is gone out of us. The Governor of each Province should administer law and order as an all-India subject, acting as the Viceroy's agent. Provincial autonomy really means anarchy, in India's case.

Red Menace Over Europe

By Robert Machray

FOR months past one of the most sinister features of the tense situation in Europe has been the large and ever-enlarging rôle played both in front and behind the scenes by Red Russia. It may be that special significance should not be attached to the fact that Comrade Litvinoff is President of the Council of the League meeting this week in Geneva, as he takes that position by rotation, but that Soviet Russia, which he represents, should be a member of the League at all, marks the great change which has taken place well within a year. How did it come about?

It resulted not from any change of heart on the part of Stalin and the gang of blood-stained murderers in power at Moscow, for Red Russia remains the evil and horrible thing it has always been. In brief, it came about in two ways. The first was that Soviet Russia, taking advantage of France's fear that she might ally herself with Germany after the fashion of the Rapallo and Berlin Treaties, suggested they should join up against Germany. The second was that France thereupon looked to England, but found no support in the wobble-wobble policy of our fatuous Government, which if one day for her was for Germany the next.

A Defensive Alliance

Utterly distrusting the Soviet, a considerable body of French opinion was definitely hostile to an alliance with it, but was overborne when Hitler alarmed all Europe outside Germany by announcing his tremendous programme for his Army, Air Force and Navy, making Germany the dominant military power on the Continent, with England far behind, if waking up at long last to her defencelessness. France came to terms with Red Russia, and hence the Franco-Soviet Pact signed the other day in Paris, and the subsequent visit of M. Laval, French Foreign Minister, to Moscow.

What was signed at Paris is not the Eastern Pact, of which so much has been heard, but something quite different. To all intents and purposes it is a military "defensive" alliance of France and Soviet Russia against Germany, though in the diplomatic jargon of our day it is declared to be open to anybody and hostile to nobody. The German Press merely sneers at this absurd flourish, and takes the pact for what it is—an instrument directed against Hitler and the Third Reich—and uses it further to inflame German patriotism.

Geography, in the shape of a Poland most unwilling to permit the Red Armies to traverse her territory, deprives the new pact of much, if not all, of its military value. Pilsudski's death means no break in Polish policy, as Laval discovered on his return from Moscow to Warsaw, but he had anticipated this fact by trying to wring from

Dictator Stalin a real benefit for France, namely, the cessation of Red propaganda and intrigue in France and her possessions, particularly in the Far East, where the spies and other agents of the Soviet have been as active as in India.

As Red Russia is for the moment opportunist, Stalin, of course, assured Laval that he need not worry about such matters, and perhaps the French statesman went away comforted, but perhaps not, that is, if he recalled the experience we have had here in England and elsewhere of the absolute worthlessness of Soviet promises in a similar connection or, in fact, in any connection. But was there no mention of the Third International, Red Russia's other name? It has not ceased to exist, nor is there any change in its programme of world revolution, with all which that terrible expression implies.

The Revolution Plot

Our wretched Government regards, it is understood, the Franco-Soviet Pact with the like benevolence it bestowed on the original Eastern Pact, but, as was the case with the latter, it will still undertake no commitments. All the same, as Mr. Eden made it perfectly clear during his visit to Moscow, our Government now cherishes the friendliest feelings for Red Russia—in spite of everything!

At a recent military parade in Moscow one of the Red generals remarked:

The toiling Red soldier knows what he fights for, and that is what will prove decisive in a future war. The capitalist Governments have nothing equal to oppose our fighters. Victory will be won by superiority of tanks, air forces, cavalry and artillery. Thanks to Comrade Stalin's giant efforts and those of the entire country, we have attained to a position of advantage.

That ought to be an eye-opener, but far more effective in that way should be the manifesto issued lately by the Red Comintern, i.e., the Third International, which prescribed a "Programme for a Soviet Government in England." A lengthy preamble stated that, as conditions of life have become unbearable in England, the immediate task for the masses, guided by the British section of the Comintern, is to set about with all seriousness to destroy the present system of Government in England and to replace it by a Soviet Government.

That Red Russia is rotten to the core is the simple truth. It is not of the slightest use for Stalin and his gang to pretend that the Comintern is something different from the Soviet Government, for it is an essential part of the administration. This outrageous manifesto attracted little comment in most of our newspapers: the great exception was the *Daily Mail*, which said, quite rightly, that it would best have been met by handing his passports to the Soviet Ambassador in London.

Eve in Paris

AFTER considering probable risks and possible advantages the French Press has almost unanimously pronounced against an alliance with Soviet Russia. Exceptions were, of course, the Communist journals, and also the *Echo de Paris*, Pertinax's clever pen being used in favour of Moscow.

When the engagement of "Marianne" and the U.S.S.R. was announced, and the journey of M. Laval to Russia to ratify it, the leading newspapers, according to custom, supplied the Foreign Office with names of special correspondents they proposed to send with the Minister.

They were reckoning without Stalin. By orders from headquarters, visas were refused for passports of journalists representing the *Jour*, *Journal*, *Matin*, *Petit Parisien* and *Candide*, all influential papers which had criticised his régime.

Le Matin wrote: "We are highly honoured by this measure; no distinction could make us prouder. Doubtless there are things to be hidden in Russia, and it was feared we should see them. *We shall see them anyhow*; the Soviets cannot prevent a free Press from saying what it knows and thinks."

The journalistic fraternity is united and formidable. M. Laval conferred with M. Potemkine, who declared he was powerless, and the Quai d'Orsay then approached Stalin himself. For forty-eight hours the Dictator remained obdurate, until realising that the fate of his desired Franco-Soviet alliance hung in the balance, he lifted the interdict.

L'HUMANITE sent no reporter to Moscow. That organ of the Komintern receives news and instructions direct from Headquarters.

The Communist newspaper touched lightly on the pomp and ceremony with which M. Laval was welcomed in the Soviet city. Comrade Litvinoff, in bourgeois evening dress dancing with Ambassadors at a gala ball, officers in glittering uniforms and bejewelled ladies in Parisian frocks supping off the plate of Grand Dukes to the strains of La Marseillaise do not fit in with the régime of Equality imagined by French Bolsheviks to exist in Russia. It appears to them paradoxical to assassinate a Czar and drink a King's health, to vaunt Russia's Red Army, and talk pacifism. Stalin's approval of France's last military measures aroused dismay, but enemy journals triumphed, "At last we can defend ourselves against Blums and Cachins."

But the *Humanité* declares, "We will continue to fight against military service, refuse to vote war credits, and will make of the existing French Army, now an instrument of oppression of workers and colonies, a Red Army. The World Revolu-

tion is, and will remain, our aim. As to our great Comrade Stalin, what more natural than that he should, when questioned, say what his guest desired him to say?"

THE Exhibition of Italian Art is arousing enthusiasm here as it did in London. Crowds assembled at the Petit Palais on Thursday to see notabilities arrive for the opening. The President of the Republic was received in the Vestibule of Honour by Count Galeazzo Ciano, Envoy Extraordinary and son-in-law of the Duce; the Italian Ambassador, the Governor of Rome, and other Italian celebrities were present. Accompanied by Signor Ojetti, Commissioner General of the Exhibition, and Count Ciano, M. Lebrun made a brief tour of the wonderful collection with Madame Lebrun.

Luncheon followed at the Hotel de Ville in honour of the Italian guests, and Count Ciano spoke admirably of the Latin culture which unites France and Italy.

In the afternoon the President of the Republic inaugurated the Exhibition of Modern Italian Art at the Musée du Jeu-de-Paume and later on there was a great reception at the Hotel Matignon, and a banquet at the Italian Embassy ended an enjoyable but strenuous day.

The comments of fashionable people posing as connoisseurs at the Petit Palais were amusing. A lady discoursed learnedly on a celebrated portrait, adding "but it lacks the light of Florence, where I studied it." The picture, by Castiglione, comes not from the Arno, but from the Louvre, one of the sixty gems of Italian Art loaned from that collection.

HAVING fulfilled their duty and registered their vote in the Municipal Elections on Sunday morning, Parisians wisely devoted the afternoon to pleasure and Longchamp.

This lovely spot now shows the brief perfection of vernal beauty, with fresh verdure and grass. The horse chestnuts, wind-tossed, shed a few red and white blossoms, and lilacs will soon fade, but hawthorns are in their glory, and Judas trees are brilliant with rosy blossoms on bare branches.

There was great excitement over the Prix du Cadran, Brantôme, that unconquerable horse, running for the first time a distance of 4,000 metres, about the same as the Ascot Gold Cup's two-and-a-half miles. The great racer scored his eleventh victory with ease, winning fresh laurels for Baron E. de Rothschild's stables. Admiral Drake, winner of last year's Grand Prix, was nowhere, his owner, M. Léon Volterra, being more successful in politics than at Longchamp, for he has just been elected Municipal Councillor in the Var.

America Goes Money Mad

Roosevelt's £1,000,000,000 Grand Slam

By Ignatius Phayre

SITTING in the drawing-room of his private train, as it sped north through the dusk of South Carolina's coastal plain, President Roosevelt borrowed his secretary's fountain pen and put his name to a Bill which gave him more money than any man has ever possessed in human history. The amount is \$4,880,000,000, or about £1,000,000,000. This equals all the world's monetary gold-stocks in 1913; and Mr. Roosevelt plans to spend it in a single year, or before June 30, 1936.

To-day, in the sixth year of the Great Depression, he has 23,000,000 persons on relief-doles in a continent as huge as Europe. Two years of amateurish tinkering with a politico-social problem undreamed of in single "nations" (the U.S. is forty-eight in one) has cost the Federal, State and local authorities \$3,707,000,000. And this is but one item in the New Deal's "caravan of noughts."

Of course, no such "money" exists; it is got by drawing on the future. America's total income has slumped from the 1919 peak of \$81,000,000,000 to a bare \$39,000,000,000 last year; hence all the distress and gloom that covers a land three million square miles in extent.

"SPEND MORE AND MORE"

To cure it, Mr. Roosevelt says: "Spend more, and yet more!" And in this he has outdone all the dim heroes of myth and legend. In his own half-term of office he has disposed of no less than \$24,000,000,000—which is little less than America's entire expenditures for 124 years (including four wars) from 1789 to 1913.

"When this spending-spree is over," mourns Senator L. J. Dickinson of Iowa, "when crystal-gazing ceases to allure and panaceas are proven silly, then sound leadership will be favoured again." Meanwhile the "spree" is more than popular. States bigger than Britain, having frittered their own funds, now assail the White House for Federal grants. So do bankrupt cities, and massed "interests" of all sorts, from farmers to silver, from the "War Veterans" to Big Navyites and shipping-men.

Newspaper cartoons show the President chasing the scraggly bird, "Prosperity," with his Work-Relief Bill (of \$4,880,000,000) rolled up as a salt-shaker. And from this, hopeful streams rain down on the elusive bird's ragged tail:—"Perhaps F.D.R. will soon have him in hand?"

Now, where the dollars are as dirt, graft and waste are only to be expected, with enormous tragedy freaked by comic relief—in the literal sense. We see this in schemes to help the so-called "white collar classes" who are out of work and in sore distress. They include lawyers and doctors, teachers, engineers, nurses, actors,

painters and sculptors, dancers and musicians, as well as ruined business men and officials, with their clerks and sales-hands.

Hundreds of thousands of these find "special employment" in "social surveys and researches" of incredible stripe. Here the crux is not to clash with normal trade, and at the same time to avoid jobs of a "raking-leaves-back-and-forth" nature for men and women who have worked with their heads instead of their hands. So at first the White Collars were paid to produce grand opera among wild illiterates of the Ozark Mountains! Then fallen highbrows translated old German manuscripts on plant diseases, or made dolls out of the worn-out inner tubes of motor-tyres. And ravenous poets wrote epics on a 900-word vocabulary!

STRANGE ANTICS

For a time, these "make-work" gropings had an earnest vogue, when \$300,000,000 was set aside for White Collar victims. They drew up tables on modern cranial shapes, made models of Roman fighting ships, studied "semantics" (the science of word-meanings), and drew and listed the fibulæ found in prehistoric tombs. Inevitably, Press satirists and wisecracks fastened upon these "occupations" and made fun of them. But it was in New York City that White Collar down-and-outers were seen in antics so strange that Mayor La Guardia was forced to call a halt and order a shake-up in his Relief Administration.

There was "Project 89," for instance. This involved the counting of 2,500,000 words to determine their frequency and significance. Dr. Irving Lorge, of Columbia University, had sponsored this game, and it was only stopped after \$160,000 had been sunk in it. Another group of workers were hired to play with a "bicycle ergometer." This was defined to civic lowbrow-inquisitors as "a machine for measuring the cost of physical labour in terms of metalobolism used in psychological experiment." A huffy committee dismissed it as a dud. The Geography of Greek Coins and Profile-Maps of the excavations at Kish were likewise voted labours in vain.

"Project 33" of New York's White Collars employed 1,200 men in a real-estate survey at a cost of \$2,000,000. But "Project 276" went over exactly the same ground, melting a further \$318,000 in the process. Then Professor Kraemer explained to a scared committee his map of the Movement of Peoples in the Second Millenium. Here, surely, was a thing of cultural value, which had employed a whole legion of White Collars, and at least kept them "white" for a while on \$2 a day.

But, to the city's censors, the most baffling and afflictive of all the "Projects" was the Counting

of Chickens in this skyscraper metropolis. That feathery census was prompted by the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Washington. A hundred canvassers were sent out on the job, and \$100,000 vanished in no time. As a witness, White Collar Michael Weintraub was called upon to tell his adventures. He went from door to door (he said) asking amazed housewives their origin, nationality, family income, number of children, of servants and of boarders.

Any poultry bought in the past seven days? If so—on which day? And just *what* breed of bird, with its weight and price per pound? Whether it was killed in New York. . . Was it *plucked*? etc., etc.

"It was no cinch," Michael grieved to say. "Furious women slammed their doors in my face. Twice the man ran out and landed me one! And I got a severe mauling in a Jew's house during the Passover." Still, the great thing is to get rid of President Roosevelt's £1,000,000,000 within the year—somehow, anyhow. For the "tapering-off" of Federal Relief—\$880,000,000. For the C.C.C. Camps (600,000 young men here)—a new grant of \$600,000,000. For new streets and roads, and an end to the railway level crossings that kill people wholesale, \$800,000,000.

Housing takes another \$450,000,000; rural resettlement, \$500,000,000, plus \$100,000,000 for electrification in the farm colonies moved on to better lands. There is \$350,000,000 for sewage disposal, sanitation and soil-erosion work. And in "loans or grants to States" for their own public works, \$900,000,000 is on tap. So the flow is well begun.

ROOSEVELT'S RIVALS

Mr. Roosevelt came back from his sea-fishing holiday an "even tougher guy" (as he told a hundred reporters round his desk) than he was last year. Cheque in hand for £1,000,000,000, his pleasing baritone voice chirped again on the radio to America's millions: "My friends, we are hewing out a new Commonwealth!"

Yet he has rivals who steal those "Share-the-Wealth" thunders which he launched in 1932 as a candidate. Senator Huey Long, of Louisiana, offers to every one of Mr. Roosevelt's 130,000,000 "friends" a free house, a nice car (and a radio-set), with \$5,000 in cash, an income of "not less than \$2,500 a year," an old-age pension and free University education for all the children!

This man may oppose Roosevelt in next year's Election and ruin his chances of a second term. Long's suite of five rooms in the Senate Building now has twenty-one male and female clerks on a day shift and fourteen more all night; for 30,000 letters have been received by this oddity in a single morning's mail.

His rival—"Utopia" Townsend—has been snuffed out by Congress. Yet that doctor's bonanza was a £10 a week pension for all persons over sixty—and 30,000,000 wistful Americans were "all for it." But Huey Long remains, to loom larger daily in political stature in this naïve emotional

land. "Back home," he is absolute Dictator in a State as large as England, with a bicameral Parliament of its own—which the Boss boasts is "as fine a body of lawmakers as money can buy!"

One of America's real statesmen—the veteran Carter Glass of Virginia—points out how "dangerous" these demagogues may be in 1936. "They will take nine votes from Roosevelt as against one from the Republicans." Senator Glass, I may say, is himself a Democrat as well as a highly-esteemed personal friend of the President.

THE SPREE GOES ON

Governor Talmadge, of Georgia, deplors Mr. Roosevelt's physical weakness, which prevents him from "hunting up sane advisers, and only seeing the 'Gimme Crowd' that his staff ushers in to the Executive Office." Among these is Representative Patman who demands \$2,200,000,000 for the War Veterans, even if "greenback" notes have to be printed for this deal.

So goes what the Republicans see as a "Spending-Spree" of epidemic rage. Every one of America's 175,000 separate units of Government looks for its share; these employ 3,250,000 public servants, who draw in salaries \$4,500,000,000 a year.

As for Mr. Roosevelt's Grand Slam of £1,000,000,000, his one aim is to spread its rich compost in all political fields. This is the easiest of all his currency problems. "We watch his car zig-zaggin'"—as the New York wisecracker notes—"Now to the Left! An' agen, to the Right. But always there's a Hand out!"

The Call

What does it mean to you,
Son of a storied race,
Born in the Empire's heart,
Born to the pride of place?
Heir to the thousand years,
Custom and Law and Life,
Heir of the glorious dead,
Leaders in peace and strife;
Holding the prize they won,
Reaping where they have sown—
Follow where they have led—
There is your path and crown.
Path that your King has traced—
Tread, in your Prince's way,
Up to the fuller life,
On to the better day.

Let not the challenge pass,
Clear is the questing voice;
Youth and To-day are yours;
How will you make your choice?

G. A. STOCKS.

SIR THOMAS MORE

A Noble Englishman

By W. H. Langmaid

SIR THOMAS MORE, who has just been canonised, is a character in history worthy not only of the honours of Rome, but also those of England and Protestantism. The danger now is that since More is becoming a Roman Saint and Martyr we shall be inclined to forget More the Englishman, and look upon Sir Thomas More as the property of Rome.

Everything we know of More indicates his singular simplicity and homeliness, so rare in such an age of self seeking and graft. Roper, his son-in-law, describes him as a man "of singular virtue and of clear unspotted conscience—more pure and white than the whitest snow." This could be said of very few men associated with the Court life of his day.

Born in 1478, he was the son of a distinguished judge. While young he entered the household of Cardinal Morton where he made many friends and was known for his mildness of temper and pleasant disposition. The Cardinal himself often said, "This child here waiting at table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man."

More spent two years at Oxford where he absorbed classical culture and made friends with some of the greatest scholars of the day. Finally he became a barrister and was so brilliant that he could not escape the eyes of the King, who tried to draw him into service. For a long time More refused, for happiness to him meant simplicity, peace, culture and a quiet life at home with his family, not the wild, chaotic and uncertain life at Court where life itself depended upon the whims of the Monarch.

LIFE AT COURT

In 1518, however, More conducted a case with such brilliance that Henry would no longer accept a refusal, so, in that year More entered the Royal service. The new life at Court soon showed him more clearly than he had before realised the evil conditions of social life in England. To this simple idealist and philosopher the picture must have been very gloomy and harsh, and we find the expression of his feelings in "Utopia," the story of an ideal State, a book which was eventually published in most European languages.

In the book he first describes the terrible social conditions of his day, and then he describes his ideal State. In the State there would be religious toleration; equality of all things should be brought in and established. Crime would be unknown since the whole island would be "as it were one family or household" where "they live together lovingly." He did, however, unlike our modern Socialists, realise the futility of this vision and confessed, "so must I need confess and grant that many things be in the Utopian weal public which in our cities I may rather wish for than hope for."

In 1521 More was knighted and made Treasurer of the Exchequer; in 1523 he became Speaker of the House of Commons, and in 1529 he obtained the highest of all offices, that of Lord Chancellor. His pleasant disposition and noble character cast a spell even on Henry VIII who loaded him with duties. Sir Thomas realised, however, that the King might not always stand by him. To Roper he said, "I thank our Lord I find His Grace my very good Lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this realm, howbeit son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France it should not fail to go."

SENTENCED TO DEATH

This was only too true, for swift as had been More's climb to power, even more rapidly came his fall. In 1532 he was deprived of his Chancellorship and was suspected of implication in a plot against Henry's marriage with Anne. He was later summoned to take the oath of Succession, and was willing to take it, but he would not recognise Henry as head of the English Church nor would he acknowledge Henry as legally divorced from Catherine, and consequently would not accept Anne as the legal wife of the King. These refusals terminated in his "trial" the result of which was a foregone conclusion—Death.

Above all things we see More a staunch Roman Catholic, believing unwaveringly in its principles, yet he was not satisfied with the Church. He realised its failings, and together with Colet, Erasmus and other scholars endeavoured to bring the Church out of stagnation, and in line with the New Learning which was sweeping over Europe. The results were not stupendous, but they set other men thinking.

Now Rome has canonised him, one is bound to ask whether it is More the man or More the Martyr that we should honour and remember. That he died for his religion, and that he was a pious man we all admit, but in Tudor England many pious men of high and low rank died for their religion most terrible deaths. Hundreds of Protestants, laymen and clergy, whose names are forgotten, died the martyr's death as bravely as did More.

It makes his death therefore appear less significant than Rome would have it, but when we read of the life of Sir Thomas More we can justly be proud of this simple humanist and philosopher who had greatness thrust upon him and yet retained his qualities in spite of great temptations. "When," asked Erasmus, "did Nature mould a temper more gentle, endearing, and happy than the temper of Thomas More?" This is More the man and it is surely this personality that we should remember.

RACING

Derby Dilemma for the Book

By David Learmonth

SELDOM has there been a Derby where the betting was confined to so few horses. In this year's race only two animals, Bahram and Bobsleigh, carry any money worth speaking of, and the only other competitor which seems to have been supported at all was Duke John.

This latter horse had been backed by one or two very knowledgeable people; but the bookmakers did not think he had any chance of winning—nor did I—so he was not much consolation to them. Now that he has been scratched he is even less.

The situation at present is that if either Bahram or Bobsleigh wins the bookmakers stand to lose. If Bahram, the favourite, wins it will be a bad day for the ring; but if Bobsleigh wins it will be infinitely worse. This may seem a strange situation, in view of the fact that Bobsleigh is at a longer price. Obviously, one would think, if the bookmakers are going to lose so much money over the transaction, should he win, they ought to shorten his price.

This seems sound enough on the surface; but if they did this they would have to ease Bahram. They might then get a rush of money for him at the longer odds, which would make matters even worse.

The best advice I can give anyone who thinks of backing one of the favourites each way for the Derby is to wait until the day of the race and then back him on the course. When bookmakers are in an awkward position they always open out, and when they are sitting pretty they close up like oysters and give away nothing at all.

Evens for a Place

So I shall not be at all surprised to find the "fat men" laying even money against Bahram and Bobsleigh for a place, their argument being that such animals will either win or fail because they do not stay, in which case they will finish out of the first three.

The ring laid even money against Colombo for a place in last year's Derby and lost their money. But they were not so far wrong in their calculations; for Colombo was very unlucky not to have won and, in my opinion, nine times out of ten he would have won.

When looking for an outsider, however, do not forget that Lord Derby has a very useful colt in Fairhaven, a son of Fairway—Drift. If Valerius is a four year old of any class then, taking a line through his running in the Chester Vase when Assignment was second, Fairhaven's victory over the latter makes him out very good indeed. It makes him 4 or 5 lbs. behind Valerius, and for a three-year-old to be so close to a good four-year-old is unusual. As I have said, it all depends on how good Valerius is.

Fairhaven is expected to be sent on a pace-

making mission at Epsom if Bobsleigh runs, which is not in favour of his chances, yet stable second strings have won the Derby before now, and to those who like a long shot a small each way bet might not be out of place.

So much for the Derby, a two-horse race so far as betting is concerned, with one other supported in certain quarters. Whether it will turn out to be so on the day is, of course, another matter. Let us turn now to the Ascot Gold Cup.

Last year Mr. Benson purchased an animal called Windsor Lad after it had won the Derby. The horse proceeded to win the St. Leger and to winter exceedingly well. Great success was predicted for it as a four-year-old.

Meanwhile, in France a three-year-old called Brantôme had been carrying all before it. He also wintered well and showed this season that as a four-year-old he had lost none of his ability.

The Sporting Spirit

The owner of Brantôme decided some time ago to contest the Ascot Gold Cup. His horse had already beaten the cup-winner Felicitation, over a shorter distance it is true; and in true sporting spirit he resolved to try conclusions with the best animals we could produce.

It is not unnatural that many people looked forward to an epic contest between the great Windsor Lad, champion of Britain, and the mighty Brantôme, champion of France. This was what caught the public fancy, even though such horses as Felicitation and Tai Yang were to be in the field.

It was felt that in Jubilee year the challenge from across the Channel would not go unanswered. We hoped to see some great contest of chivalry, a contest for the honour of England and France like the historic *combat à outrance* between Lord Scales and the Bastard of Burgundy, and we expected the owner of Windsor Lad to run his champion for the honour of the country.

But the spirit of pacifism is in the air. The ground for the withdrawal of Windsor Lad was carefully prepared by the racing correspondent of a twopenny daily, who explained to a bewildered public that, for the sake of English breeding, Windsor Lad must not be subjected to the ordeal of this long-distance race.

Unfortunately, his arguments were utterly demolished by Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, who pointed out that if Mr. Benson held these views he must have known of the conditions of the race at the time he entered the horse.

When such sires as Doncaster, Isonomy, St. Simon, Cyllene, Persimmon, and Bayardo survived the ordeal, to say nothing of William the Third, the foundation of most of our staying lines and that great mare, La Flèche, to whom may be traced much of our best blood, the hollowness of this excuse is immediately exposed.

World-Bolshevism and Its

By A

IT is not a mistake to call the "European-Russia" half-Asia, or in connection with the geo-physically closely related Siberia, as lately done by an authority on geography: Great Siberia.

The Bolshevik leaders, who are not really Russians, fostered their rules by unprecedented cruelty and bloodshed—official statistics put the number of executions at 1,766,180 up to the midst of 1921—rooting out the leading classes whose civilised upbringing and training through centuries had been an ardent and often trying task for their royal masters. What the Bolsheviks did not achieve by liquidating the "Bourshuj" classes, they saw to it hunger and starvation did.

This hatred of Europe can be traced in the persistent fighting of the Bolsheviks against Religion and Church. It will be found in the disaster of employing communist principles in the education of youth.

On April 7th this year the central executive committee and the council of people commissaries issued a draconic decree to fight criminalism amongst minors. This law is very interesting. It allows the authorities to apply even the death penalty to minors from the age of twelve and upwards, if they are caught while stealing, terrorising, murdering or trying to murder. This shows more clearly than anything else the results of education without religion on Communist lines.

CHILD CRIMINALS

Every sense of decency is killed by Communist "morality." This is well illustrated by an article published in a Communist Youth paper, the *Komsomolskaja Pravda*, of April 10th: "In a settlement of working people of a factory called Gorbujow the whole youth is organised in the so-called 'Komsomol' (Communist Youth Federation). Children, pupils of both sexes and youths meet at night time in order to indulge in orgies, where most horrible and most scandalous things are happening." The *Komsomolskaja Pravda* has to admit that the children of the labourers become gradually bandits and criminals. The general attorney, Woyshinskij, in a conversation with the foreign press in Moscow about the new decree, declared that the fighting of demoralised youth has had no success due to the "moral methods" employed.

There can be no doubt as to the ways with which the liquidation of "the new class enemy" (as the Attorney-General called Russian demoralised youth) will be undertaken. They are the same as the methods of liquidating the "Bourshuj," namely, execution.

This hatred of civilisation is still a main feature of the policy of Stalin to-day. It testified itself

when the Bolsheviks drove out foreign employers, and when Lenin in 1922 did not consent to the agreement of concessions which were suggested by Urquhart. But even when the Bolsheviks changed their policy and energetically tried to build up industry in connection with the Five Years' Plan, the hidden hand soon broke through again.

The quiet development of relations between foreigners and Russian personnel was disturbed in 1928 when the Soviets, for very obvious internal reasons and in order to give a strong impetus to the working energy of the Russian labourer, brought about the so-called Schachty trial. It was a farce put up by Asiatic hatred with the loud approval of the Communist Trade Unions and Party Functionaries. The Soviet Government tried to prove that International Capitalism, with the assistance of foreign engineers, intended to hold up the Five Years' Plan being carried out. It was obvious that this was only a flimsy pretext. The real reason was that the Bolshevik had recognised that it was quite impossible to pull the plan through without the great financial help of foreign resources, and satisfying conditions in world economics.

THE SECOND PLAN

Further development has shown that this presumption was right. Although the Soviet Government tried to tell the world and the masses of Russia that the plan could be carried out in four years instead of five, they had to announce at once a second Five Years' Plan the main purpose of which is to carry out the important parts of the first scheme.

The Schachty trial, as will be remembered, ended with a number of death sentences. Foreign workmen returning home from Soviet Russia admit quite frankly that they would never like to go back to that country. It is interesting to read the report of John Brown, who went to Russia at the challenge of Lord Nuffield and whose book, "I Saw for Myself," is now published.

SLAVE DRIVERS

The conditions prevailing in the Soviet Union to-day are still far from normal. Famine for those who are not engaged in building up industry and a gigantic war-machine, and premiums and privileges for those who are members of push-brigades, picked workmen who force the masses of slow Russian hands to a hectic rush!

Stalinism of the latest shade presses not so much for Communistic agitation amongst the masses but for a more concentrated and centralised way for drill and training. Education has become part of the Five Years' Plan and is modified according to the necessities and the failures of that scheme.

Consequences for Europe

This system is naturally thought of as a part of the programme of world revolution, as pointed out in the Communist Manifesto. Its fate depends on the future development of Central and Western Europe as well as of Asia. It is essential for the existence of Bolshevism not to let the ideal of World Revolution fade amongst the Russian masses, and to keep up the revolutionary spirit of its followers. "The Third International," directed by the Comintern from Moscow, will always try to find suitable ground, using its great skill for adaptation and guidance, to inflame the Social Revolution with changing methods and means. Even to-day, when the Bolsheviks are trying to make out Germany to be the "Big Bad Wolf" and to parade themselves as symbols of good reputation and European civilisation, men in the highest positions in the Soviet hierarchy are still going on to preach world revolution, in spite of assurances to the contrary given by their foreign agents. It was not a private person but the president of the second greatest Soviet Republic, G. J. Petrovski, who on the celebration of the 30th anniversary of the Revolution of 1905 explained the true meaning of Stalin's policy: "We have to go on with our work," he says, "to see the beginning of the great Socialist World Revolution. Our task is the promotion of the World Revolution."

JOY OF DESTRUCTION

The main force of the Soviet Government lies at present in the still progressing effect of its propaganda in the Far East. Furthermore, Russia's geographical position makes it practically impossible to attack that country from Europe. The lack of any active and strong opposition is evident. The hopes of restoration, always nourished by Russian emigrants, are utopian. The European Russia of Peter the Great and his successors as an historical period has definitely come to an end. The sooner that is realised in Europe the better.

There is a deeply rooted joy of destruction in the Russian soul, else the terrible devastation caused by the Bolshevik revolution would have been impossible. Nobody can tell what will happen when one day a fanatic caste, or you might call it an order, as represented by the Communist Party, will let loose that Asiatic instinct. There are many warning examples in history showing how internal trouble and distress often led to the desire of overcoming them by waging wars on others.

By preaching the Marxian religion that Paradise is on Earth, Bolshevism in the long run is bound to disappoint its followers.

The principles of Bolshevism remain the same, only its methods are changing. Entering the League meant a new era for Bolshevik propa-

ganda. The Red Army, the strength of which amounts to over 1,250,000, is far better trained and equipped than is generally believed. The May celebrations in Russia showed the display of 800 aeroplanes over Moscow, 350 over Leningrad, 300 over Kiev, 350 over Minsk, 250 over Charkow, and of 800 over the Far Eastern garrisons, together with 500 tanks in Moscow, 400 in Leningrad, 600 in Kiev, 300 at the White Russian frontier at Sluzk, 100 in Odessa, 120 in Shitomir and 110 in Winniza.

A STRATEGIC PLAN

The significance of this is obvious. This enormous display of modern armaments was meant to be an enticement to those States which Litvinoff considered as his prospective allies in a system of encircling Germany which, by her new-won unity, is a safety valve against European chaos and social disorder. It is known that a strategic plan exists to use Czechoslovakia as an air-base for Red air squadrons against Germany. Moscow has always accepted the fundamental German assurance that there are no longer territorial problems between France and Germany with the greatest misgiving.

"Do we realise that there has been committed to us, as an Empire, a trust, the like of which has never been committed to any company of peoples throughout the ages?"

The late Archbishop Davidson.

* * *

"I regard the British Empire as the most powerful instrument ever conceived on behalf of impartial justice and Christian service."

The late Earl Grey.

* * *

Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our Empire, and, behold our Home!

Byron.

* * *

"Our Empire in the Good Providence of God will continue into the future to fulfil its destined mission—justice, civilisation and peace."

Joseph Chamberlain.

* * *

"History will recognise its (British Empire) life and destiny, not record its decline or fall. It will say, 'This is a great and understanding people.'"

Lord Beaconsfield.

Operatic Dilution

By Philip Page

IF the present syndicate at Covent Garden have done nothing else—and they have done a great deal else—they have proved that the difficulties in the way of what may be termed operatic dilution are not insuperable.

For long years between the opera that is grand and that which is not quite so grand was a great gulf fixed. The German portion of the season, by which was meant Richard Wagner and Richard Strauss (though not very much of him) was sacrosanct. One Friday night, halfway through June, things Teutonic came to an end, the singers returned to their native Germany or sailed for the Metropolitan; and on the following Monday Covent Garden's stage was peopled by Italians, and the whole atmosphere of the place, both musical and social, was changed.

Occasionally a stray German was left behind—I remember Mme. Delia Reinhardt singing *Madame Butterfly* in Italian a week after she had sung in "*Der Rosenkavalier*" in German—but that happened rarely, and the lingerer seemed as much out of place as a real lion at the foot of the Nelson Column.

A Popular Experiment

Sir Thomas Beecham and Mr. Geoffrey Toye are to be congratulated on having overcome the economic obstacles which forced an arrangement in many ways unsatisfactory. Wagnerites, perfect and imperfect, resented being deprived of their favourite fare when the season was only half over; those whom Wagner bores had to wait impatiently for six weeks or two months for their beloved Verdi and Puccini.

Broader-minded music-lovers, who can listen to and enjoy both schools without squabbling over high-browism or low-browism, did not like to be forced to consume German and Italian opera "neat" over long periods. Moreover the transition to lighter fare, however many its merits, after saturation with nobility and profundity was uncomfortably sudden.

An admirable idea, therefore, the present Wagner-Rossini festival, with works by the two composers given on, speaking roughly, alternate nights. Being experimental, the season is tantalisingly short. I trust that the overwhelming success of it will result in dilution on a more extensive scale. If German and Italian artists can be held in London for a season of pre-war length (April to the end of July) we can look forward to hearing, spread over a long period, Wagner, Strauss, Humperdinck (whose glorious "*Königskinder*" is still neglected), and German novelties such as "*Wosseck*," in addition to Italian works, new and old.

Some French opera, as rare at Covent Garden nowadays as a butterfly in December, might even be included. "*Pelléas et Mélisande*" and

"*Louise*" have been on the shelf too long. Ravel's exquisitely naughty little joke "*L'Heure Espagnole*" should again add the necessary piquancy. And only musical snobs sneer at Gounod.

Musical snobbery, by the way, is this year taking the unexpected course of sneering at, and even belittling, Wagner. Because Rossini has been unduly neglected, is a composer of considerable genius, and is, above all, great fun, his devoted adorers have come to regard the Rossini nights as the "high spots" of the Festival, possessing all the virtues, and the Wagner nights as the reverse. There has even been a tendency to attribute dazzling perfection to Rossini, and pompousness, long-windedness and downright vulgarity to Wagner.

Strange that the works of one composer cannot be enjoyed without administering a kick to another and (begging the question, if I were seriously discussing the respective merits of Wagner and Rossini, which I am not) an incomparably greater. However, in such matters the musical public has a way of being in the right. The "*Ring*" performances are packed; the Rossini operas, though well-supported on the whole and owing much to Mme. Conchita Supervia, who has a deservedly large following, indicate that a Rossini *seul* festival would hardly be profitable. In other words, Wagner, from the box-office point of view, could do without Rossini, but Rossini could not do without Wagner.

Contrast in Style

As to the general excellence of the performances, so far there can hardly be two opinions. There is no better operatic orchestra in the world than that which is now at Covent Garden, and for that happy state of affairs Sir Thomas is primarily responsible. Their playing in "*The Ring*" and "*Lohengrin*" is superb. I found it interesting to compare the handling of the orchestra in the two performances of "*Tristan*." The Beecham version was intense, glowing, vivid. Dr. Furtwängler's "*Tristan*" was more leisurely, perhaps more introspective. Both were fine.

The German team of singers—Melchior, Frida Leider, Kipnis, Rethberg, Janssen at the head of it—are unrivalled. Mme. Supervia, singing brilliantly, leads a merry band from "*La Cenerentola*" and "*L'Italiana in Algeri*"—and merriment is just what this gay, bubbling music needs.

The stage production is not yet always quite right, but there are signs that it very soon will be. And for "*Siegfried*" we have had a whole full-sized dragon for the first time since, years ago in the reign of Sir Augustus Harris, one was sent by sea from Hamburg, was accidentally dropped overboard during a storm off the Nore, and floated ashore to terrify paddling children at Westcliff.

MOTORING

Modern Tendencies in Design

By Sefton Cummings

IT is always interesting when a firm brings out a new model, particularly when that firm is one which indulges in mass production. Because, in this case, one knows that the car has been designed to appeal to as large a section of the public as possible and not to a select few.

The new Morris ten horse power which has just appeared confirmed my own view of what the tendency in the way of development would be. Like its competitors in this particular field, the Morris company have developed their products on gradual lines, aiming not at terrific speed but at more and more refinement.

This class of car, which serves the vast majority of the motoring public, has, irrespective of manufacturer, kept itself free from any startling or unusual departures. The designers have been content to improve along well known and well tried lines and it must be said that the results have been most happy.

They have developed along normal lines for the very good reason that these have been found most acceptable to the public. This makes me conclude that we shall soon see the last of that freak body-work which, under the excuse that it was super-streamlined, imitated a gigantic toad.

The sooner some of the grotesque creations which disfigured last year's motor show sink into obscurity the better I, and, I imagine, a good many other people, will be pleased. I have never been able to find any justification for them, because it has always seemed to me that just as good results could be obtained without sacrificing all beauty of outline.

Chassis and Body

In one respect the modern car, particularly that produced in large quantities, has an advantage over its predecessors. The chassis and body are designed at the same time. The coachbuilder has not, therefore, to build a body to fit the chassis, as his requirements have already been considered.

This results in a more harmonious whole at very much less cost. In the olden days the coachbuilder had often to overcome many problems when designing a body to fit a chassis and, although he frequently produced a most artistic result, he was only able to do so at considerable cost.

In the case of cheaper cars turned out in large quantities the engineers first produced a chassis and then turned it over to the body-building department to make something that would fit as cheaply as possible. The result was often discomfort and unsightliness.

All this is now a thing of the past and has been so for some time.

The tendency in small and medium powered car design today is not to aim at an increased maximum

speed so much as to provide greater acceleration and improved flexibility together with sweet running at all speeds. Everything, in fact, is being done to make driving as simple as possible, to reduce the necessity of changing gear to a minimum, and to make this as easy an operation as can be by means of synchro-mesh gears or other devices.

Though there are indications in some quarters of a probable slight reduction in prices, manufacturers are still refraining from fighting their competitors on the price issue, preferring instead to give more and more refinements and improved coachwork for the same money.

Creating Employment

This, regarded from the national point of view, is all to the good as it makes for employment. If a policy of cut-throat prices were adopted machines would be turned out at a very low figure which would have the bare necessities and that is all. As it is, the policy of attracting customers by providing a maximum number of accessories such as wind-screen wipers, clocks, direction indicators, and dipping or dimming headlights, provides work for a number of allied trades.

Whether the new speed limits will have a marked effect on touring car design it is difficult to say at the moment. It is obvious, however, that limit or no limit, modern conditions call for an engine which will accelerate rapidly and run smoothly at low speeds on top gear.

Also, of course, brakes must be a hundred per cent. efficient. The improvement in this direction has been really remarkable since a few years ago, when I was given my first demonstration of hydraulic brakes.

I remember setting out with a proud demonstrator by my side, prepared to be duly impressed by this magnificent invention. We started off along a country road and, after accelerating very rapidly for those days, spied a horse and cart ahead of us.

"Now," said the demonstrator importantly, "just watch me pull up behind this cart—and mind you don't go through the wind screen."

He dashed to within some twenty yards of the cart and pressed the brake pedal hard. We continued at exactly the same speed, smashed the cart to smithereens, tipped the driver out on to the road, and broke the shafts so that the horse, fortunately unhurt, got loose and careered away.

Still, if one forgets to put any oil into the reservoir it is hardly fair to blame the mechanism.

Undoubtedly the modern small and medium powered car has improved out of all knowledge compared with that of a very few years ago; but the improvement has been more in the matter of refinement than of speed.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Problem for the Indian Princes

SIR,—Our Suicide Club at Westminster closes its eyes to the past of India's Congress, and dreams visions of its future.

Have the Indian Princes, confident in their ability to straighten out a derelict India, taken into account all the factors at work? Thanks to Democracy in England, the Royal Prerogative on which they may have relied is no longer potent for good or evil; and an India without the English is even now an object of attention from unfriendly eyes.

Great Britain ere long will have a grave problem to solve in protecting her own little island, while Germany, pining for her lost African possessions, still demands her "place in the sun."

Russia has for more than a century been advancing her Asiatic borders till they touch British India; and France, with whom Russia has an understanding, has not forgotten the vast territorial rights conveyed to her in the eighteenth century by the Nizam and the Nawab of the Karnatak.

Everything points to a triangular duel—a scramble for possession or partition of the vast sub-continent. Russia is already favourably placed for the first move in the game, with Afghanistan as at least a friendly neutral; Germany hates and fears her; while France may be tempted to cut in, ostensibly as an ally of Russia, but really in re-vindication of her own historical claims.

The rest of Europe, Great Britain included, will probably be content to look on, thankful that they are not themselves involved in the conflict. And international finance will find its opportunity in providing funds for armaments, for which India will have to pay in the long run.

The Princes may then find themselves compelled to renew their treaties with whatever belligerent Power may succeed to the heritage thrown away by England.

Mont 'Estoril,
Portugal.

J. A. WYLLIE, Lt.-Col.,
Indian Army (retired).

The India Bill

SIR,—Recent developments in connection with the Government of India Bill have reminded me of a poem and a once popular song. I think that the position of the Secretary of State is not badly summed up by:

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled."

Moreover, surely nothing could better describe any division on any clause of the Bill from the point of view of frequenters of the Government lobbies than:

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."

It is a little sad to find the House of Commons, reduced to something highly reminiscent of a sheep-dog trial, the only difference being that in the latter the sheep are, at least to begin with, unwilling to enter the pens.

26, Gloucester Place, W.1.

DAVID WOODFORD.

Foreign Timber for the Jubilee

SIR,—I have read with consternation that the poles used for the Jubilee decorations have been imported from foreign countries.

This piece of cynicism on the part of the Office of Works is thoroughly consistent with the internationalist outlook of the present Government.

Having quite rightly voted fifty thousand pounds of the taxpayers' money for a celebration in which the whole Empire is joining, one would have thought that the Government would at least have insisted that this money should be spent within the Empire. As it is, our flabby, pale pink Ministers have done their utmost to make the decorations a cruel farce.

South Kensington.

MAURICE HAMILTON.

The Modern Bulldog

SIR,—It seems strange that the modern British Bulldog is held up as an embodiment of everything British, a poor cripple, with every part of his anatomy deformed, which can hardly breathe, and which could not live with a man on the London to Brighton walk.

We talk about them as fighters, but they would be simply nowhere with a first-class Bull terrier or Airedale.

Their owners have a lot of trouble with the bitches at whelping time, because of their malformation.

I often wonder what the old time breeders would think of our modern wrecks.

JAMES M. K. LUPTON.

Richmond, Surrey.

A Cure for the Unemployment Problem

SIR,—Disturbing unemployment figures have existed in this country for 15 years and the huge, hopelessly insolvent work schemes carried out with the taxpayers' money have only very partially ameliorated the situation, while permanently aggravating the problem of debt redemption for posterity within the space of 1,000 years.

From the back of a well-filled hall of Young Conservatives assembled at North-West Camberwell to discuss this problem a suggestion was made that 6d. pocket money a day, in addition to the present poor law relief now obtainable, should be given to all men, who would be compelled to undertake a day's work of some kind in the district where the man lived. Work would be undertaken which would benefit the householders in general, charities, or improve the appearance of the district.

This suggestion met with general approval from the audience of 50. It has the advantage over conscription camps as, where poverty is worst, there lies the worst dirt and neglect. By this idea cleanliness will be made to return in a short space and industry is far more likely then to return.

All public buildings, churches, and charitable institutions could be cleaned, as the Mansion House has been cleaned. Charity is not endowed, nor is money willingly given to-day in order that the outside of buildings may be preserved, while year by year more and more is expected by the poor and a growing demand for more services is made.

By this scheme the unemployed can give their labour free instead of idly doing nothing. They can feel they are giving some slight return. To-day many men in work envy the man in casual employment, with their free days or weeks. Often these men earn more money when unemployed by odd work they undertake, and when working casually they often receive good pay compared to the man who is always working. This abuse will stop.

In what better way could the "Jubilee Fund" be distributed than by providing the 6d. pocket money to these most deserving of all persons?

There are a thousand things in every town that could be cleaned to the advantage of everyone. Cemeteries could be tidied and outsides of council houses could be painted. The little man who purchases his own house by instalments does his own painting, yet council houses are painted to-day by well-paid labour. By this idea men would learn useful crafts and habits, and latent talent in many men could be discovered; re-cutting tombstones, for instance, could be undertaken.

In a space of a few months we could go far towards making our towns beautiful.

If some landlords did get, incidentally, their property improved it would raise the ratable value and encourage rebuilding, and everyone would benefit.

Conservative Club,

St. James St., London, S.W.1.

JOHN A. SETON.

[Mr. Hugh Macdiarmid, the Scottish poet, suggested a similar scheme, though without the "pocket money," a year or two ago.—ED.]

CORRESPONDENCE

Rudyard Kipling's Warning

MY LADY,—

Mr. Kipling's warning, coming from a distinguished man whose reputation rests largely on the consistent Imperialism of his writings, cannot be disregarded; and I think it was a splendid and timely action on your part to publish his speech delivered at the dinner of the Royal Society of St. George.

Mr. Kipling has hit the nail exactly on the head when he explains that the majority of our pacifists either refused to fight in the war or hid in sheltered positions. Naturally they are thoroughly ashamed of themselves and, being shifty individuals who like to justify themselves in the face of the disturbing twinges of their consciences, have invented the theory not only that all war is evil but that it is wrong to defend oneself if attacked.

I have no doubt, however, that when we are attacked, as we shall be sooner or later if we remain defenceless, they will expect us to fight for them while they do their bit on the Home Front or in some "cushy" job in "work of national importance," drawing, of course, several times a soldier's wage.

No one in his senses wants war; but the man who says he will not fight to defend his Motherland is deliberately evading an essential duty of citizenship and as such is a TRAITOR TO HIS COUNTRY.

Becontree.

NORMAN A. MANNING.

The Bolshevik Barbarians

MADAM,—

England owes you a debt of gratitude for having the courage to publish Mr. Joseph Martin's account of his treatment by successive Governments in the matter of obtaining compensation for outrages inflicted upon him by the uncivilised Bolsheviks.

Mr. Martin's experience is only what one would expect to get from these bestial savages, the very scum of the earth with whom no decent man would remain in the same room.

Yet Mr. Eden not only travels to Moscow, but drinks champagne with these thieves and murderers.

How different is the attitude of Herr Hitler, an honest and patriotic man, who declared openly that he would rather be hanged than fight side by side with this canaille.

There is, of course, a lighter side, and I laughed heartily over your cartoonist's drawing of that bloated vulture Litvinoff with his pockets stuffed with our Embassy spoons.

H. E. CHALLONER.

West Bromwich.

The National Service League

(From The Rev. Colonel Seton, of Mounie).

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

I was much interested in and appreciated your excellent article on my old Chief, Lord Roberts. I served under him, and knew him well.

It will probably be further back than you can remember; but after the Boer War there sat what is called the Esher Commission, to look into our military affairs. Their Report was so unsatisfactory that I became very seriously alarmed as to what was coming. Just at that time I got in touch with the late Sir George Shee. He also was greatly concerned as to the state of our defences, and was endeavouring to form what afterwards became the National Service League. I joined him, and with some outside help we got the League going in a very humble way. At this time I found that Lord Roberts was also very much concerned about the matter, and the upshot of it was that he joined the National Service League as its president, and thenceforward we worked together.

About 1907, I, being then stationed in Scotland, took up the National Service propaganda in Edinburgh, but being on full pay, my activities were considerably restrained, though the G.O.C., Sir Edward Leach V.C., was in entire sympathy with our aims. When I retired

from the service in 1909, I decided to give my whole time to the matter which was obviously becoming day by day more urgent and critical.

Lord Haldane had then inaugurated his Territorial Army, and the idea of Lord Roberts and the National Service League was that service in the Territorial Army should be made compulsory, very much on the lines which have proved so successful in Switzerland. I then became Honorary Organising Secretary for the National Service League, under the presidency of Lord Roberts, in Scotland, and for three winters I spent my whole time lecturing, from Inverness to the Borders, for the cause.

I had many colleagues under me in Scotland, and there were a good many of us also in England. A vast number of people were strongly in favour of the National Service League proposals, but a great many did not come out into the open because they did not wish to receive the abuse and obloquy that they would thereby

I should like, if I may, to add how immensely I, with many others, appreciate the magnificent works and generosity that you display in so many matters of national importance. I only regret that being now over eighty years of age, it is not likely that I shall ever have the pleasure of making your acquaintance.

The House of Mounie,
Barton-on-Sea, Hants.

ALEXANDER D. SETON.

Who Represents the Ex-Service Man?

SIR,—As your periodical seems to be the only paper which has the cause of ex-Servicemen at heart, and apparently it is read by our soldiers, sailors and airmen, may I invite one of them to explain why Sir Frederick Maurice, President of the British Legion, should have been presented during the Jubilee as the representative of ex-Servicemen.

I have put this question to a number of ex-Servicemen during the last week and each one in turn has thrown up his hands and said "Heaven knows."

The President of the British Legion, representing 350,000 ex-Servicemen, does not represent the 4,000,000 ex-Servicemen in this country, and from what I have read in the *Saturday Review* from time to time during the past twelve months, he never will represent them.

Hunter House, London, W.C.1.

SUBSCRIBER.

[He happens to be in the racket.—ED].

Pre-War Veterans

SIR,—The article captioned, "Three Jobs for One Man," in yours for the week ending May 18th, should be, and probably is, of special interest to ex-Servicemen of subordinate ranks, not necessarily members of the British Legion, but with a tangible belief in the fundamentals of the Legion instituted by Earl Haig.

The fundamentals, I imagine, were to include within their meanings all classes of living ex-Servicemen of all wars prior to the World-War of 1914-18. Earl Haig never stated this much, but the inferences of his appeals for Legion funds doubtless were as much in favour of pre-Great War veterans as of veterans of the World-War.

Equal recognition with legionaries should be given pre-Great War veterans, who, by reason of old age or disabilities did not fight in the World-War of 1914-18.

The spirit of veteranship and the memory of Earl Haig are not enhanced by the present treatment accorded the latter class of veterans, chiefly by the "brass-hats" of the British Legion's headquarter's staff, evidently due sooner or later for severe and adverse public criticism.

52, Derby Road, West Croydon.

ALBERT VENN.

[Naturally. When the next war comes along the veterans of the last one will be forgotten. Wars, it must be remembered, are neither Derbys, Grand Nationals, nor Cup Finals.—ED].

The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

ABERFELDY, Perthshire.—Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA, Dumbartonshire.—Albert Hotel. Bed., 10. Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire.—Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100. Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY.—Bull's Head Hotel. Market Square. Bed., 24. Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden. Golf, Tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, Golf, Shooting, fishing.

BELFAST.—Kensington Hotel.—Bed., 76; Rec., 5; Pens., 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL.—Grand Hotel. H & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

BORNE END, Bucks.—The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 14 miles; Yachting, fishing.

BRAKKNELL, Berkshire.—Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ to 4 gns. W.E. Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON, Sussex.—Sixty-six Hotel.—Bed., 33. Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 22/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS, Kent.—Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E. from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6. Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD, OXON.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15s. per day. Golf, Trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk.—Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6. Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, dancing.

BUTTERMERE, via Cockermouth.—Victoria Golf Hotel. Bed., 37; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13s. 6d. and 15s. per day. Golf, own private links. Fishing, boating.

CALLANDER, Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel. Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6d. Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE.—Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14s. to 17s. 6d. per day. Golf, 8 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF.—Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E., (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Bkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY.—New Inn, High Street.—Bed., 30; Rec. 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYNDERWEN.—Castle Hotel, Maer-cloche. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6. Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE, Perthshire.—Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3/10s. W.E., 12s. per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES.—The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10s. Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY, CORNWALL.—Sea View, Bed. 9 Annex, 5 Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E. from 35s. Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon).—Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12s. 6d. per day. Golf, 8 miles; Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE.—The Royal British Hotel is the best H & C in all bedrooms. Restaurant. Managed by Prop. Phone: 6035.

ELY, Cambs.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15s. Lun., 3s. 6d. Din., 5s. Boating.

FALMOUTH, Cornwall.—The Manor House Hotel, Budock Veian. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW, W.2.—Belhaven Hotel. 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66. Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5s. Lun., 3s. Din., 5s. Tennis, Golf.

GREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire.—Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns. W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE, East Lothian.—Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25. Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14s. to 16s. per day. Tennis Courts, Golf, Swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 12. Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25s. Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 35s. to 47s. 6d. Tennis, golf.

HAYWARDS HEATH, SUSSEX.—Birch Hotel. Bed., 23. Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. Golf, fishing, bathing.

HERNE BAY.—Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., fr. 4 gns. W.E. fr. 45s. Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

IFRACOMBE, Devon.—Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Over-looking sea. All bedrooms with H & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 18s. 6d. per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY.—Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6. Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK, English Lakes.—The Keawick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E. fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH.—The Rose and Crown, Kibworth near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and R.F.S.S. appointed.

LANGOLLEN.—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort, fishing, golf. H & C.

LANWRYT WELLS, Central Wales.—Dol-y-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter, £4 7s. 6d.; sum., £4 15s. W.E., 30s. Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

LOCH AWE, Argyll.—Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dulmally 6. Bed., 70. Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON.—Barkston Gardens Hotel. 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns. Tennis.

GORE Hotel, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 35; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE Hotel. 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T.: Ter. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10s. Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA. 25 and 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

SHAFTESBURY Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 Bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7s. 6d., double 13s. 6d.

THE PLAZA Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16s. 6d. Lun., 3/6. Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH, Morayshire.—Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16s. 6d. W.E., 36/- to 45/-; Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon.—Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/-; Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6. Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10s. W.E., £1 7s. Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Central-Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70. Rec., 9. Pens., 4. W.E., 36s. Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL Hotel. Bed., 44; Rec., 3; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 45/-; 6 Hard courts. Golf on estate. Fishing.

NEWTON STEWART, Wigtownshire.—Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W.—Niton-Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., from £1 17s. 6d. Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM, Surrey.—The Haulboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4s. 6d. Tea, 1s. 9d. Din., 5s. Golf.

PADSTOW, Cornwall.—Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson." Padstow.

PAIGNTON, DEVON.—Redcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E. 15s. to 18s. per day. Golf, tennis.

PETERBOROUGH.—Saracens Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6. Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH, Devon.—Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE.—Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from 48. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND, Surrey.—Star & Garter Hotel. England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

RIPON, Yorks.—Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7s. 6d. W.E., 35/-; Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE.—Chase Hotel. Bed., 23; Rec., 5. Pen., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37s. 6d.; Lunch, 2s. 6d.; Dinner, 4s. Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY, Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H & C and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone 399.

SALOP.—Talbot Hotel, Clebury Mortimer. Bed., 7. Rec., 1. Pens., 84s. Lun., 3s. and 3s. 6d. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH YORKS.—Castle Hotel. Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12s. 6d. W.E., 21s. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5. Din., 6/-; Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH.—Belmont Hotel. Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16. Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/-; Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/6. Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn. Golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS.—Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast 8s. 6d., double 14s. Golf, Trout fishing.

STRANRAER, Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18. Pens., £3 10s. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon.—Beach Hotel. H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TREWKESBURY, Glos.—Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY.—The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., fr. 5 to 7 gns., winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-; Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

TYNDRUM, Perthshire.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3s. 6d. Tea, 1s. 6d. Din., 5s. Sup., 3s. 6d. Tennis. Fishing, shooting.

VIRGINIA Water, Surrey.—Glenridge Hotel.—Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4/15/6. W.E., £1/17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

WALTON-ON-NAZE.—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

WARWICK.—Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 65. Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon. 33s. Golf, Leamington, 14 miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8s. 6d. Golf, 3s. 6d. daily.

YARMOUTH.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3 12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6. Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road 1st Class Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage 45 cars.

BURTON, Lincolnshire.—Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3/10/0. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel. 112 Marine Parade. Facing sea. Telephone 434711.

QUEENS ROAD Hotel, 100, Queens Road. Pens., 2/ gns. W.E., 1 gn. Lun., 2/6. Din., 3/6. G. Golf.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel. Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop. L. V. Palmer.

BUDE, N. Cornwall.—The Balconies Private Hotel, Downs View.—Pens. from 2 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNTISLAND, Fifeshire.—Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens. from 23/10/- W.E., 30/- Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD, Essex.—Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., from 27/6. Lun., 2/6. Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

CHELTENHAM SPA.—Visit The Bayhill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PLYMOUTH, Devon.—Pens., 23/13s. 6d. W.E., 21/15/- Lun., 3/- Din., 5/- Golf, polo.

DAWLISH, S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel. ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

EASTBOURNE.—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square.—Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 10s. 6d. per day. Golf, Tennis. Winter Garden.

EDINBURGH.—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing, tennis.

FALMOUTH, S. Cornwall.—Boscawen Private Hotel, Centre Sea Front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Props. Phone: 141.

MADEIRA PRIVATE Hotel, Cliff Road. Bed., 58; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns. W.E., Sat to Mon., 25/- Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK.—Bracondale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns. W.E. 21s. to 30s. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN, Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2; Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns. W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day; 5/- (Aug., Sept.).

FOLKESTONE.—Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

THE ORANGE HOUSE PRIVATE Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue. Bed., 13; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., from 25/- Golf, bowls, tennis, skating, croquet.

GLASGOW, C.2.—Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall Street, Charing Cross. Bed., 110; Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GOATHLAND, Yorkshire.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/- Golf, 1 mile. Hunting, fishing.

GODALMING.—Parncombe Manor Hotel, Parncombe. Pens., 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, tennis.

HEREFORD.—The Residence Hotel, Broad Street. Bed., 25. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 25/- to 30/- Golf, fishing, boating, swimming, tennis.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch—a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. Phone 596.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone 761, 762.

HOLMBROOK, Cumberland.—Carlton Green Hotel. Pens., 4 gns.; Golf, Seacale 18-hole. Fishing, shooting, sea-bathing, mountain scenery, Tennis.

ILFRACOMBE.—Candar Hotel. Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

THE OSBORNE PRIVATE Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed., 90; Pens., 21 to 44 gns. W.E., 12/- per day. Golf, Bowls.

DILKUSA.—GRAND Hotel. Sea front. Cent. 110 bed. all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

IMPERIAL Hotel, Promenade, facing sea. Well known. Lift. Ballroom. Pens., 31 to 5 gns. Write for Tariff.

INVERNESS.—Huntley Lodge Hotel. Mrs. J. Macdonald, proprietress.

LEAMINGTON SPA.—Alkerton Private Hotel, Binwood Avenue. Bed., 13; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf 1 mile away. Tennis bowls, croquet.

SPA Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., 31 to 44 gns. W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

LEICESTER.—Grantham, 57 and 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6. Din., 3/- Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN.—Grand Hotel, St. Mary Street. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., 23/10/- Lun., 2/6. Din., 3/- Golf.

LOCH-SHIEL, Argyll.—Ardshelach Hotel, Acharacle. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 21/10/- Lun., 3/6. Din., 4/- G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON.—Alexandra Hotel. (A quiet hotel) 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d.

ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel, 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 21 to 5 gns.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. Phone: Vic. 0867 and 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15s. D., 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

BICKENHALL PRIVATE Hotel. Very comfortable. Cent. Sit. 8 min. Baker Street, 5 min. Oxford Street. Welbeck 3401.

BONNINGTON Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 250 Rooms. Room, bath & Table d'Hôte Bkfst., 8s. 6d.

"Will subscribers and regular readers of the 'Saturday Review' who have not yet received a copy of the 'Jubilee Register of Selected Hotels' please apply to the Publisher, 15, York Buildings, London, W.C.2."

CORA Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom.: 230 Guests. Room, bath & Table d'Hôte Bkfst., 8s. 6d.

KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash rackets.

LADBROKE Hotel, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 21 gns. to 34 gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDLINGTON Hotel, 7, Lidlinton Place, N.W.1. T.: Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/- Tea, 1/- Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR Hotel, 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 31 gns. single, from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL Hotel, 20/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Buys. 3801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

OLD CEDARS Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30; Rec., 2; Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 30/- G. Golf, within 10 mins. Billiards, Ballroom, Tennis Courts.

PALACE GATE Hotel, Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 31 gns. W.E., 30s.

RAYMOND'S PRIVATE Hotel, 4, Pembroke Villas, Bayswater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to 22/12s. 6d.

REDLANDS Hotel, 9, Leinster Gardens, W.2. Tel.: Padd. 7543. Rec., 2. Pens., 22/10/- Lun., 1/6. Din., 3/- Garden.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Phone Park 1188. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., fr. 21 gns. 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE, 53, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel, 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 21 gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. T.: Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns. Lun., 2/6. Din., 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6. Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

LYNTON, N. Devon.—Waterloo House Private Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to 22/10/- Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

MORTHOE, N. Devon.—Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns. W.E., 25/- Lun., 3/6. Tea, 1/6. Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Regent Hotel, 55-59, Osborne Road. T. Jesmond 906. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single frm. 7/6. Garden.

THE OSBORNE Hotel, Jesmond Road. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., 22/12s. 6d. W.E., 21/7s. 6d. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

OXFORD.—Castle Hotel. Bed., 15; Rec., 3. Pens., 31 gns. W.E., 21/17s. 6d. Lun., 2/- Din., 3/-.

PERTH, Scotland.—Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., from 24/- Lunch, 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Dinner, 6/- Garden. Golf, 3 courses within 6 mins.

PHILLACK Hayle, Cornwall.—Riviera Hotel. Near sea, golf, H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks.—Riviera Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from 23/17s. 6. W.E., Sat. to Mon., from 21. Golf, tennis.

SHAFESBURY, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel.—Pens., 4 to 7 gns. W.E., 42/- to 57/- Golf, Private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.—Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green.—Bed., 14. Rec., 3. Pens., from 31 gns. to 6 gns. W.E., 12s. to 15s. per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTH Uist, Outer Hebrides.—Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12s. 6d. per day.

STROUD, Glos.—Prospect House Hotel. Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 34 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, Riding.

TENBY, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 34 to 54 gns. W.E., 30/- to 55/- Tennis, Golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 30. Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30s. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 21 to 31 gns. Garden, Tennis, Golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 9s. day. Golf, Tennis, fishing.

UIG, Isle of Skye.—Uig Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3. Lun., hot 3/6. Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

HOTELS AND LODGINGS

MATLOCK—SMEDLEY'S.—Gr. Britain's Greatest Hydr. for Health, Rest, or Pleasure. 270 Bedrooms, grounds 10 acres. Inclusive terms from 15s. per day. Illus. Prospectus free. Two Resident Physicians.

NO. 131, HOLLAND PARK AVENUE.—W.11.—Board-residence at moderate inclusive terms. Best food. Quietly run house. Special attention given to individual requirements. Park 2466.

TORQUAY.—(Sunleigh Court, Livermead) Walk from lovely house, secluded garden to quiet sands in 3 minutes. 73/- and 84/-.

PERSONAL

MEMBERSHIP of the INCOME TAX SERVICE BUREAU brings relief.—Address: Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

FLATS & HOUSES

RIVIERA.—SMALL, COMFORTABLY FURNISHED FLAT facing South and over-looking the sea; 2 bedrooms, kitchen, sitting room, bathroom. £9 per month, 3 months £24. Pension if desired. Sea Hotel, Cap Martin, A.M.

£52 PER ANNUM.—XVth CENTURY Cottage, Hants village; two or three bed, two reception, bath (h. and c.), insure sanitation, kitchen, etc.; small garden; main electric light and power.—Apply: BATCHELOR, Soberton House, Droxford, Southampton.

MISCELLANEOUS

PURE KENYA EMPIRE COFFEE.—1 lb., 10 lbs. 10/- 5 lbs. 5/- post free. Freshly roasted. Whole berry or Ground.—Tasting sample 3d post free. Cash with order. Rowland Stinson & Co., 28, Tower Hill, London, E.C.3. Estab. 1866.

CINEMA

DRAKE HAS GONE WEST

By Mark Forrest

FOR some time past well-informed opinion has been unanimous on the subject of nettles; if they are to be grasped at all, they must be grasped firmly, otherwise the hand will be stung. There are many beds of nettles in the world of the cinema, and those which are largest and offer the greatest possible discomfort to the disturber are the ones whose roots are planted in antiquity.

It has been the fashion lately to venture amongst the tallest of these uncomfortable plants, and the latest intrepid band of explorers is the Associated British Pictures whose new film, entitled *Drake of England*, is at the Regal. Everyone will remember certain outstanding events in the history of this sea-dog, such as the singeing of the King of Spain's beard, the introduction of the potato, and his part in the defeat of the Armada. They will also recall that Elizabeth reigned at that time and that Burghley was her chief adviser. Drake was, furthermore, the first Englishman to sail round the world; he looted Nombre de Dios, where he was wounded, he pillaged the West Indies, he sacked Corunna, and he died at sea.

A Thing of Matchwood

It is true that the film company has not tried to show all the foregoing, but it has come very close to doing so, and it will be plain that here is meat for half a dozen pictures. The result is a very long and unsatisfactory piece of work, for, without the most careful production and editing, no camera can do justice to such a plethora.

In order to try and make a job of it, maps and models are used in prodigal fashion, and a live adventure becomes a thing of matchwood. If the company had been less ambitious and, concentrating on making "The Pelican" or "The Golden Hind," fashioned their story in such a way that, whatever else it might not do, it would savour of the sea, then much might be forgiven it. But if the Armada, the English Channel, Plymouth, Nombre de Dios, Calais, the British fleet and a voyage round the world are to be included, then the hair-like prickles on the nettles are going to do as much damage to the production as ever our more skilful and more modern gunnery inflicted upon the Spanish galleons.

The two chief parts, Drake and the Queen, are in the hands of Matheson Lang and Athene Seyler, and it sneaks volumes for the latter's ability that she is able to infuse the Queen, as here represented, with some real character. For the rest there is Ben Webster as Cecil, Lord Burghley, who has been turned into an extraordinary creature by the exigencies of the story; Jane Baxter provides the love interest, and Henry Mollison and Donald Wolfitt add a little villainy.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981

ANNA STEN & FRITZ KORTNER

in Dostoevsky's famous classic

"THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV"

By Special L.C.C. License

BROADCASTING

TALENT NOT ENCOURAGED

By Alan Howland

I SEE that the Director of Variety is reported as having said that since he took over the Variety Department two years ago only four new "stars" have found their way into the programmes. After all the bombastic talk about "Big Programme Drives," talent-hunting expeditions and the like, to which we were treated when Mr. Maschwitz burst modestly into the limelight, this recent statement of his must come as a surprise to the ordinary licence-holder.

To me it comes as no surprise at all; moreover, in my opinion it is an under-statement. I would rather say that no new "stars" at all have been discovered and that those who were already popular favourites with the radio audience either do not broadcast at all nowadays or, when they do, are so painfully bad that they are not worth hearing.

An Overdose

The truth is that the Variety Department has no eye for talent, no idea of presenting what talent there may be, and no conception of nursing talent. No sooner does a new "turn" make a success at the microphone than he is overwhelmed with broadcasting engagements until, after a time, the public finds him positively nauseating.

That there is a perfectly sound remedy for this I have been endeavouring to point out in these columns for the best part of three years. Talent is absolutely valueless unless it is kept provided with fresh material. It is ludicrous to expect a comedian, who on the music-hall is able to use the same "act" and "patter" for a number of years, to provide himself with completely new ideas ten or twelve times a year. The size of his audience makes it impossible for him to repeat himself, and in consequence he falls back on second-rate jokes and "gags" which were originally cracked on Mount Ararat.

The B.B.C. should have on its staff a group of writers who can provide artists with material suitable to their respective personalities. It should not be left to the individual comedian to provide a fresh manuscript each time he broadcasts; it has been proved again and again that in the majority of cases he is quite unable to do so.

There will never be new "stars" unless the B.B.C. does its share in creating "stars," and the old "stars" will dwindle away, as they have been doing for some years, unless they receive adequate help from the B.B.C. The Variety Department has killed more turns than it has ever made, and, unless it overhauls its policy, will be as dead as the Dodo in another two years. It is more than half-dead already.

The Complete Travel Guide

The changes which the last few years have brought about in methods of travelling, have rendered necessary a modern complete guide to all travelling facilities. Hutchinson's A to Z Time Tables, published on the 1st of each month at 1/6, gives in a handy single volume detailed particulars of all methods of modern travel, including Railways, Air Routes, Coaches and Shipping from London to all important centres in this country and abroad.

THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Airways of Empire

SINCE the combined delegation from the Post Office and the Air Ministry returned to London from their Empire mission, little has been allowed to emerge in regard to the progress of the great scheme for carrying all Imperial mails by air at a flat rate, and for a vast expansion and acceleration of air passenger traffic.

It is still hoped to introduce the scheme in 1937. While financial obstacles and the difficulty of determining the proper contribution to be made by each of the Empire countries remain unsolved, the agreement in principle reached at the conferences held by the flying delegation has provided sufficient encouragement for the detailed plans now being drawn up in London by Ministers and technical experts.

Improvement will be put into operation in the near future, thanks to the strong public support of the Anglo-Australian air mail service. This at present is a weekly service in each direction between Brisbane and London.

Qantas Empire Airways—whose chairman, Mr. Fergus McMaster, a flying squatter, is now in London—will shortly duplicate their service between Singapore and Brisbane. Imperial Airways will then duplicate the section between Calcutta and Singapore—now flown only once a week. The outcome will be a bi-weekly mail service over the 12,000 miles between London and Brisbane.

Further progress on this and the larger Imperial scheme may be expected when Captain Edgar Johnston, Controller of Civil Aviation in Australia, reaches London next month.

and that they should be afforded, where possible, adequate opportunities of attending the discussions.

"Such was unhappily not the case at Ottawa," says the Federation.

It is also urged that business representatives should be consulted by the respective Governments when preparations are being made for a conference.

Imperial preference is strongly supported by the Federation, which trusts that every opportunity will be taken, in consultation with the individual traders and industries affected, to develop and extend the preferential tariff system.

There is, it is stated, ample margin for increased inter-Empire trade.

The Federation considers that development of air communication within the Empire is of great importance as a means of promoting closer economic union, and looks forward ultimately to all first class mail being sent by air at the ordinary postal rates. Until this is done the full potentialities of the air mail service cannot be fully realised.

Emphasis is laid on the importance of operating the principal long distance Empire air mail routes on a twenty-four hour schedule in order to secure for the public full advantage of the greater speed of communication by air compared with other forms of transport.



Imperial Airways' Machine, on one of the Empire Air Routes.

The presence in London of the Prime Ministers of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Southern Rhodesia should be made the opportunity for further consultation on the scheme. So far, it has not figured on the agenda of the Anglo-Dominion consultations in Whitehall.

Inquiries made by the "Saturday Review" indicate that Imperial Airways—who are, after all, mail contractors for the Government, and not the originators of Imperial civil aviation policy—are reluctant to pursue any piecemeal development of their Empire routes pending progress of the larger scheme which undoubtedly will render obsolete many present conceptions of international air transport.

Nevertheless, one important im-

Empire Conferences : A Plain Hint

AN important document containing a hint that might well be adopted by the Government, has been issued by the Federation of Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire. It has been handed to Imperial representatives attending the Jubilee celebrations, and represents the opinions of 148 individual Chambers of Commerce in the principal towns and cities of the Empire.

In diplomatic language, the document suggests that at any future Empire conference business men, especially those in industries affected, should be called in to advise official delegates before decisions are reached

Imperial Opinions

"I am very pleased to hear that Empire Air Day is to become an annual event. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the development of airmindedness, not only among enthusiasts, but among the whole population."

Prince of Wales.

"I really know something about bringing up that particular man. I feel that I have made rather a good job of him."—Mrs. J. A. Lyons, wife of the Australian Prime Minister, referring to her husband.

Driven by economic necessity, Germany is producing synthetic wool and artificial fabrics which threaten seriously to compete with Australian wool. Germany wants our wool, but cannot buy it. Many of the trade barriers, like the new "wool," are purely artificial.—*The Star, Melbourne*

"Statistics regarding world production perhaps have unduly alarmed us, but Nature has her own way of making adjustments. . . . We should all have learned the lesson that artificial raising of prices leads to over-production and uneconomic production."—Mr. R. L. Butler, Premier of South Australia.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF

III.—The First British Occupation of Canada.

By Professor A. P. Newton

THE dramatic story of Wolfe's struggle to win Quebec and his death at the moment of victory on the plains of Abraham in 1759 is familiar to everyone.

We know that it was then that the modern history of Canada under the British Crown began, but few remember that that was not the first time that Quebec was captured by British arms. A century and a quarter earlier, however, the infant



Portrait of Samuel de Champlain, founder of French settlements in Canada and discoverer of great lakes of America—the "sea" sought by the French early in the 17th century.

French colony on the St. Lawrence had come under the English flag, the red cross of St. George on a white ground, and it remained in English hands for three years until it passed back again under the *fleur-de-lis* of France.

Samuel de Champlain, the founder of the French settlements on the St. Lawrence, which were known by the Indian name of Canada, chose the towering height of Quebec above the river as the capital of his new colony in 1608 and there he had been at work for twenty years before the outbreak of war between England and France made its capture the aim of his English competitors in the fur trade.

By his skill and daring as an explorer and a born leader of men, Champlain had revealed the main outlines of the country far into the interior beyond the wooden stockade of his citadel above the great river, and he had acquired immense influence over the Indian tribes who were proud to call themselves allies of the King of France.

EMPIRE-BUILDING

They brought rich supplies of furs to Quebec to exchange them for the trinkets and gaudy fabrics that were imported from France, and so a lucrative trade was centred at the infant settlement.

But the number of white men who remained there permanently through the Canadian winter was small and there was little attempt at the foundation of a true colony such as the English had established during the same period in Virginia and the Bermudas.

There were not more than sixty French residents in Quebec, and almost all of them were directly concerned with the fur trade. Cardinal Richelieu, the great Minister of Louis XIII., was convinced that this was contrary to the national interest, and he determined to cancel



A Canadian going to war on snowshoes. Invented by the Indians, the snowshoe afforded the only means of walking in forested snow country.

the privilege of the fur traders with whom Champlain was working, and to found a new Company which would undertake the actual work of colonisation.

Among the merchants who suffered by the cancellation of their privileges was a sea captain of Dieppe, one David Kirke, who was of English extraction. Kirke came to England immediately after the outbreak of war with France to apply to Charles I. for permission to attack Quebec at his own expense and thus acquire the mastery of the fur trade.

He was granted the commission he desired, and in 1628 he sailed up the St. Lawrence with three ships flying the English flag just when a fleet of

French ships belonging to the new Company with four hundred colonists on board was approaching Quebec.

Kirke had despatched his brother Lewis to demand the surrender of the citadel, and when Champlain refused he was preparing to starve him out at the moment that the French vessels appeared. The English at once attacked them, and after a hard fight the French commanders had to surrender, and Kirke sent back the intending colonists to France, while he sailed off to England with six valuable prizes.

Champlain was left to spend a miserable, starving winter in his little fort, while Kirke joined forces with the Scottish capitalist Sir William Alexander and formed a Scottish-English Company of Canada for the monopoly of the fur trade.

In 1629 the Company sent out a strongly armed squadron under Kirke's command and, when in July it appeared off Quebec, there was nothing left for Champlain but surrender. He was sent off as a prisoner to England, and Kirke took up the fur trade in full and undisputed possession, for a fresh French fleet that was sent out to retake Canada met with disaster and wreck before it could reach Quebec.

But even before the capture England and France had concluded a treaty of peace at Susa by which all conquests on both sides were to be returned.

However, Kirke and his Company would not deliver up the prize, and for three years the Scotch and English fur traders remained in occupation of Canada to their very great profit.

At last in 1632 when England and France concluded a new treaty at St. Germain-en-Laye, he was compelled to leave Quebec and the post was restored to France to remain inviolate for a hundred and twenty-seven years.

Canada's Interest in Silver

By G. Delop Stevenson.

Canada has been extremely interested in the recent excitement in the silver market, for she is the largest silver producer in the Empire and

Empire

May 25—*Empire Air Day.*
The King and Queen drive to East London.

Pageant of the Tower of London opens in the Western Moat of the Tower (closes June 8).

May 26—*The Queen's Birthday.*

May 27—*Mr. John Buchan, C.B., M.P., Governor-General Designate of Canada, will dine with the members of the Canada Club at the Savoy Hotel, at 7.30 for 7.45 p.m. The Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, K.C., LL.D., High Commissioner for Canada, will take the Chair.*

the third largest in the world. Like South Africa her precious metals are saving her from the full effects of the disastrous slump in agriculture.

Silver has actually only come into the picture since last year when it ceased to be a declining commodity and rose by 8 per cent. in the quantity mined, and by 35 per cent. in its value. Gold, however, has been her mainstay ever since its price began to soar. There has been great activity in prospecting and opening up mines formerly uneconomic to work, and there have been minor gold rushes in various parts of the country. This summer, nine hundred men will be employed under the auspices of the Government in prospecting for gold far north in the Yukon. In 1934, gold was mined to the value of £21,000,000, and Canada is now the next country to South Africa in gold production. Platinum is another Canadian precious metal the production of which has greatly increased. Canada is the largest platinum producer in the Empire and probably the second largest in the world.

Far more valuable even than gold however, is that extraordinary substance radium. About four years ago it was discovered in the Great Bear Lake district, far up in the Northwest, a thousand miles from the nearest railhead. By 1934 production was properly established and altogether over six grams of radium had been extracted. As total world stocks are at present about 500 grams, this is a good beginning. So far, nine-tenths of the world's radium has come from the Belgian Congo and the refinery in Canada is the only one in the Empire.

Flying, which is being more and more used for communication with the far north, has been of great importance in the development at Great Bear Lake. First prospectors went up by air and now freight planes are actually carrying ore from the mines to the railhead. Otherwise it can only be moved in the summer when the Mackenzie River is open to the Hudson Bay Company's boats. Just as when the railways were first built they made enormous new riches available from coast to coast, so now



The Great Bear Lake, Canada

the aeroplane is allowing men to touch the riches of the north. Silver as well as radium is a product of the Great Bear Lake district.

Australia Seeks New Markets

By Geoffrey Tebbutt.

WITH the prospect of a limitation of the British market for her primary produce brought more conspicuously before her by the unpromising state of the meat import negotiations, Australia is seeking new outlets for the goods she must sell in order to pay her way.

Strenuous efforts have lately been made from Canberra to develop Australia's exports to the East, neglected in the days when Britain provided a comfortable market for everything the Commonwealth could send her. Now that production has increased and prices have fallen, and with this country endeavouring to restore her own agriculture, Australia must look elsewhere abroad.

An example of this trend has just been provided by the Premier of South Australia, Mr. R. L. Butler, who has returned to London from a mission of investigation and commercial travelling to Sweden and Belgium much impressed by the prospects of increased trade with those countries.

Mr. Butler timed his arrival in Stockholm to coincide with the discharging of a large shipment of South Australian apples. These, by a happy coincidence, came by the steamer *Port Adelaide*. He met the statesmen as well as commercial authorities of both Sweden and Belgium, and told me on his return:

"Everywhere nothing but appreciation was shown of the friendly relations which have always existed between the Empire and these countries. There is not the slightest doubt that trade between Australia and Belgium and Sweden can be increased, but I am convinced that nothing can be done without personal contact. I found that commercial men there know very much

more about Australian conditions than we do about theirs. They have nothing but praise for the way in which Australia has restored her financial position, and for her commercial integrity."

The Premier was delighted to note in his discussions with the Scandinavian authorities that there was no haggling spirit in their desire to buy more goods from Australia. One pleasing result of his mission is that two representatives of the Scandinavian Wholesale Co-operative Society are to visit South Australia next year in pursuance of the negotiations set in train by Mr. Butler's visit. The main difficulty to be overcome is the provision of more extensive direct shipping facilities.

In Belgium, Mr. Butler was received by the Premier, M. van Zeeland, and visited the town of Lierre, where South Australia, after the War, helped to erect a number of garden homes. He found Belgium, which takes the bulk of her wheat from Argentina, willing to buy more from Australia—again if direct shipments are available—and was convinced that the port of Antwerp should provide more business for Australia.

New Zealand's Problems

By "Antipodean."

WITH increasing overseas trade, and with State finances in a healthier condition, (as disclosed by a fairly substantial budget surplus), the outlook in New Zealand is brighter than it has been for some time.

Confidence in the future would be very much greater if there were any substantial hope of a rise in the price of butter in the British market, and if reasonable expectation could be entertained of a recovery in wool prices to their level of twelve months ago.

Of this, recent wool sales in London have given some hope, but it is better *butler* prices the country needs to restore her prosperity, as dairying is the backbone industry of the Dominion.

Diary

May 28—The Pageant of England, Langley Park, Slough opens (closes June 11).

May 29—The India Hot-Weather Ball in aid of the Uniacke Residential Club, Murree, N. India, the Dorchester.

June 3—The King's birthday. Trooping the Colour, Horse Guards Parade.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent at the Derby Ball in aid of the Rosemary Ednam Ward of the Royal Northern Hospital, Grosvenor House.

There is no doubt that the thoughts of New Zealand will be on the trade negotiations which the Prime Minister (Mr. Forbes) and the Finance Minister, Mr. Coates, are to conduct during the next few weeks with the British Ministers.

On the result of these negotiations will largely depend the future extent of development in the Dominion—whether there will be a progressive annual increase in production and export, or whether enterprise and industry must remain stationary.

The latest news to hand announces a continuance of the Coalition arrangement of the two main parties—Reform (Conservative) and United (Liberal).

The Coalition will go to the country, and as such, will oppose Labour, in the elections at the end of the present year.

The municipal elections results, cabled to London recently, gave only the results in the four cities, and, incidentally, indicate very little gain to Labour—probably not as great as was expected.

They scarcely supply a forecast of what may happen in the General Election. The four main cities of New Zealand have for some time returned the chief Labour representation.

It is to the country electorates that the Government look for their main support. New Zealanders in London, will therefore await with very great interest the returns of the municipal and local body elections in the rural areas.

The Government, during the economic stress period has had some very stern duties to perform in State retrenchments and in the imposing of heavier taxation—duties from which it has not flinched—and in the course of natural events it cannot expect to escape entirely the usual penalties at the next elections.

Whatever its fate, however, there is no doubt that the Forbes-Coates Government will have to its credit the successful piloting of the country through a period of unprecedented difficulty, and of placing it, economically, on a better and sounder basis.

On the Ulster Border

By G. Delop Stevenson.

EVERYBODY knows that the Irish Free State is quasi-republican and that Ulster is a loyal part of the United Kingdom, but unless one has been there it is difficult to realise the curious atmosphere of the Ulster-Free State Border.

It is a serio-comic atmosphere in

which politics and daily life are in continual conflict. The people living on either side of it are generally inextricably mixed in family connections and they still remain unaccustomed to the severance of the old business ties.

For daily life the border is an altogether artificial barrier, but in politics it represents a violent change between *pro* and *anti*-British feeling.

While Northern Ireland lit bonfires and participated to the full in the King's Jubilee, across the border they did not even dare to show a cinema film of the event. When the Duke of Gloucester was in Londonderry he was within a few miles of a country which is as officially unfriendly to his House as a foreign Power engaged in actual hostilities.

At the same time it would not be considered at all unnatural for Free State people, even those not professedly loyalists, to come into Ulster to see the Jubilee festivities, while they might very well be in the habit of going to a cinema in Northern Ireland.

Though it is easy enough to move backwards and forwards across the border, the tariff is a fact you cannot get away from. An Ulster resident may have a country cottage in the Free State, but if he spends the week-end there fishing, he cannot bring his catch back to town with him on Monday morning. He cannot even take a picnic basket across the border.

The result is that smuggling has been exalted to the position of a popular sport; it has in fact quite ousted the weather as a subject for tea time conversation. Nobody dreams of considering it as a crime.

A group of the most respectable old ladies will discuss the ways and means of "getting across" various household articles. A clergyman will be approached in all confidence to put up money for cattle running.

There are, of course, other minor inconveniences of the border. An evening party will break up early for a last minute dash across it, before it is closed for the night. A doctor, however, can get a special permit to pass at all times.

There is so much intimacy and antagonism along the border that the situation has in it all the elements of tragedy. As a matter of fact, however, it is more often a burlesque which takes place. There is the girl who sat down on the roadside and ate the cake she was taking home for the family tea and when she had finished asked the customs man if he would still charge her on it. There is the woman who got a kindly

stranger to carry a dutiable packet across in his pocket to find out, after he had done it for her, that he was in the customs service.

The ordinary Irishman is after all not quite such a fire-eater as his politicians make him out.

"Heirs of a Great Past"

By J. Temple

(Hon. Sec. the Youth of the Empire Guild).

THE King's message to the children of the Empire: "I ask you to remember that in days to come YOU will be citizens of a great Empire. As you grow up, always keep this thought before you: and when the time comes be ready and proud to give to your country the services of your work, your mind, and your heart," has echoed throughout the Empire. So also will His Majesty's words to the London school-children, "You are heirs of a great past."

How many people under the Flag realise that they are "heirs of a great past," brought about by great men who are imperishably associated with the foundations and development of the Empire? What a splendid array, high on the scroll of honour and fame, of navigators, explorers, pioneers, missionaries, soldiers, statesmen, and merchant princes! We who know we are "heirs of a great past" can never forget their magnificent work, their heroism, and often their self-sacrifices. How often were their adventurous and daring spirits in advance of the national will? How often did they cry "Forward!" while others cried "Come back!"

Professor Demangeon of the Sorbonne, Paris, asked, "What would Great Britain be without her Empire? And what would the world be without the British Empire? There is no ocean without a British coast-line; no continent without some inhabitants of the British race; no coming and going without British means of communication."

Our Empire is the greatest family of nations the world has ever seen. Its countless Youth are young people of diverse creeds, tongues and customs, but all members of one family. The Youth of the Empire Guild is a craft of these young Empire builders, each of whom is expected to work for the honour of the craft and the welfare of humanity. It stands for the unity and security of the Empire. If any family is to endure, there must be loyalty and brotherhood among the children. So let it be with the Youth of the Empire.

LATEST EMPIRE ARRIVALS

Air Mail Passengers.—Mr. Watkins from Moshi, Mr. C. T. Soames from Kisumu, Mr. Dakin from Entebbe, and Mr. and Mrs. Gillieau from Entebbe to Paris; Mr. Davy from Salisbury, Lady Alice Scott from Nairobi, Mr. Dixon from Kisumu, and Mr. H. Davies and Mr. H. D. Thomson from Entebbe.

Australia.—Mr. Fergus McMaster, chairman of Qantas Empire Airways, and Mr. A. E. Rudder, Australian representative of Imperial Airways, both by air from Brisbane on aviation business; Captain T. P. Honnor, recently A.D.C. to the Governor of Queensland, accompanied by his sister, Miss P. J. Honnor; Mr. H. W.

Richards, Australian shipping manager of Dalgety & Co. on a business visit to England and the Continent; Mr. R. G. Robinson, general manager of the Scottish Australian Company; Mr. E. A. Eva, Australian representative of the Shaw, Savill and Albion Line, with Mrs. Eva; Lieut. R. Rhoades, R.A.N., of H.M.A.S. Voyager; Mrs. W. H. Corbould, of Sydney; Mrs. E. R. Waldron, of Sydney; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Peel and family, of Taree, N.S.W., on a world tour; Mr. Ian Dodds, a Sydney woolbuyer, and Mrs. Dodds; Mr. P. W. Revell, a Sydney wool buyer and Mrs. Revell; Mr. Warwick Fairfax, of the "Sydney Morning Herald," and Mrs. Fairfax.

THEATRE

"Hervey House"

His Majesty's Theatre

By C. R. Avery.

SO much of this play was so very good that it is a pity so much of it was not quite so good. Mr. Tyrone Guthrie succeeded in showing how Hervey House and all that it stood for was able to sway the lives and emotions of the Duke of Shires, that important member of the Government, his wife and his mistress. He proved once and for all that careful and sympathetic producing can bring out the high lights and soften the angularities of a frankly sentimental play. It is by far the best thing that Mr. Guthrie has yet done.

Miss Fay Compton gave him every possible assistance and subordinated herself to the play and the production as only a truly good artist can. Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Mr. Nicholas Hannen were no doubt equally loyal, but never succeeded in being anybody but Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Mr. Nicholas Hannen. For the rest, Mr. Stafford Hilliard, Mr. Alan Webb, Mr. Douglas Jeffries, young Master Desmond Tester, Mr. Ernest Jay, Miss Dora Gregory and Miss Margaret Rutherford gave of their very best. But it was Mr. Guthrie's production which mattered most of all.

"Gay Masquerade"

Princes Theatre

By Reginald Fogwell and Michael Haijos.

With several very good musical shows already in full swing at various London theatres, it is difficult to discover with what the presenters of "Gay Masquerade" hoped to attract the attention of the theatre-going public. The music was tuneful, it is true, and under the able direction of Mr. Clifford Greenwood was heard to its very best advantage, but, with no plot worth mentioning, humour which scarcely existed, actors with no opportunity to show what they could do and singers who cannot—and should not—act, the evening was not one I would wish to repeat. Mr. Hugh Wakefield and Mr. Morton Selton had my sincere sympathy in their efforts to make bricks without a modicum of straw.

"The Mask of Virtue"

Ambassador's Theatre

By Carl Sternheim.

I venture to say that those who have taken Herr Sternheim at his own valuation and proclaimed this a great play are mistaken. It is an amusing trifle which has been exceedingly well adapted for an English audience by Mr. Ashley Dukes. It is a play of modes and manners which hovers between comedy and drama without reaching the heights of either.

Nobody can carry off this stylistic type of acting better than Mr. Frank Cellier, as anyone who recalls his performances in "The Mask and the Face" and "The Man with the Load of Mischief" must remember. In the earlier scenes he is a sheer joy to watch, and he carries off the transition from

comedy to tragedy with an air. Lady Tree is far too competent to be caught napping in a singularly difficult part, and Miss Vivien Leigh is a thing of beauty who, if she does not succumb to the blandishments of celluloid, should remain with us to be a joy for ever. I was less happy about Miss Jeanne de Casalis, whose lightness of touch seemed for once to have deserted her. Mr. Maxwell Wray produced.

"The Miracle Man"

Victoria Palace

By Frank Packard.

"The Doc" was a very bad man and, with the assistance of his "gang," endeavoured to make money out of a Patriarch who, though deaf, dumb and blind, had the power of healing. Unfortunately for "the Doc," his underlings became converted and shed their wickedness. "The Doc" was made of sterner stuff, and even a real miracle failed to convince him of the utter wickedness of his ways. What happened to him afterwards nobody knows.

Good melodrama will always have a place in the English theatre, but I found it difficult to believe in the baseness of Mr. Seymour Hicks, difficult to plumb the depths of Miss Margaretta Scott's ignominy, more difficult still to look upon Mr. Ben Weldon as anything more than a sentimental humbug. "The Miracle Man" is not another "Young England," though for the life of me I cannot think of any other standard by which to judge it. C.S.



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The Foreign Exchange Muddle

(By Our City Editor)

IT is becoming more and more obvious that the European "gold bloc" currencies cannot remain indefinitely on the gold standard while sterling and the dollar are not tied to gold. Only the blind belief in gold the metal and an unreasoning fear of inflation, of which they have had bitter experience, keep the European countries from abandoning gold at a time when only immeasurable hardship from deflation can maintain their currencies at their present level. This deflation they have not so far faced. Belgium departed from gold when confronted with the spectre of deflationary necessity, and Holland has so far only caused its temporary disappearance. Switzerland fails entirely to realise on what slender thread her exchange rests and will do a great service to her people by devaluation of the Swiss franc, for they are unwilling to sacrifice their standard of living and will be unable to maintain it. In France the real crisis of the whole group has to be overcome. Unstable national finances call for an immense effort if the franc is to be upheld, and so far this effort has not been made, and wages and costs in France are far above the level to which they must be lowered if the franc is to keep in touch with the £ and the dollar.

Stabilisation Possible

At the Bankers' dinner last week the Chancellor thought that still further progress could be made by this country under cheap money and moderate tariffs, thereby proving more optimistic than most of the industrialists who have to make this progress under conditions of declining international trade, but he cryptically admitted that the Government had a watchful if distant eye upon stabilisation opportunities. Meanwhile, Mr. Morgenthau, the Secretary of the U.S. Treasury, has made it clear that America would not mind stabilisation provided that Congress and the farmers can be convinced that they will not lose by such a step. The obvious means to secure an international trade revival is to take a big plunge at stabilisation of the sterling-dollar exchange. If the plunge included a downward jump in the franc by something like 40 per cent. the currencies of the world would promptly be revalued to provide nearly double the credit basis that formerly existed.

The chief objections to such a bold step lie in the fact that America and France between them hold some 400 million ounces of the 700 million ounces of gold in the Central Banks of the world and that their holding is quite out of proportion to the credit which they provide for world trade; that international debts, and War Debts in particular, have not been adjusted to a new level in favour of the debtors; and that the U.S. Congress reveals rather less understanding of international economic needs than at any previous time in its undistinguished career. The difficulties are admittedly enormous, but they are not insoluble, and the re-establishment of world trade would do more to secure a permanent peace than any number of discredited disarmament conferences.

A New Aircraft Company

Applications are invited for the subscription of 680,000 shares of 5s. each at par in Parnall Aircraft, Ltd., which has been formed with a capital of £300,000 in 5s. shares to acquire the aircraft construction business of George Parnall & Co., of Bristol, and also the businesses of Nash & Thompson, of Kingston-on-Thames, and Hendy Aircraft, of London. The businesses to be acquired own, and have been developing, a number of patents relating to aircraft construction and armament, and several of their patents have been taken over by the British Government. The Parnall Company constructed aircraft for the Government as long ago as 1916, but in the past three years they have largely confined their efforts to experimental work, while Nash & Thompson and Hendy Aircraft have also been engaged on development work. The prospectus states that the production stage has now been reached and the additional capital to be provided by the present issue is required to fulfil orders in hand and in course of negotiation. Assets to be acquired are valued at £160,701, the purchase price being £135,000, of which £55,000 is payable in cash and £80,000 in shares, and £92,233 will be available for working capital. No part of the purchase consideration is for goodwill. It should be emphasised that the venture has no actual trading record behind it, but, in view of the leeway which the Government has to make up in the air, there is considerable opportunity for rapid expansion, and the issue is being made under the auspices of Electric and General Industrial Trusts, who have been concerned with

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the development of the Monospar plane and were recently connected with the successful Boulton and Paul issue.

Wiggins Teape Improvement

Despite the unfavourable conditions for paper manufacturers in the past year, chiefly owing to intensive competition, Wiggins Teape and Co. (1919) Ltd., earned increased profits of £381,859 against £352,722 for 1933. The directors have made a larger allowance for depreciation in connection with a three-year plan for charging important renewals and improvement of plant to depreciation reserve, and they have also had to provide for a loss by Greaseproof Paper Mills at Dartford. The profit balance, however, is £14,418 higher at £229,105 and the dividend is again 8 per cent., with £50,000 to reserve, against £35,716, leaving £51,674 to be carried forward. The company is pursuing a policy of concentration of manufacturing activities and the efficiency of the group of undertakings which it controls has evidently been thoroughly organised to meet present-day keen competitive conditions. The shares stand at 36s. yielding nearly £4 9s. per cent.

Ever-Ready Profits

Owing to the progressive policy pursued by the Ever-Ready Company (Great Britain) Ltd., profits continue to expand though there can be few industries which demand such keen price-cutting and efficiency as the electrical battery and wireless business. For some years now the Company has maintained a dividend of 35 per cent. for the year and as over 55 per cent. was earned last year the high rate of dividend seems fully justified. Net profits after depreciation were £445,016 against £392,362 in the previous year and £125,111 is placed to reserves. The Company has made a success of operating businesses acquired which, as independent concerns, were making a loss and though the Lissen Company, in which Ever-Ready is interested, had a poor year, better things are hoped for in the future.

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New Books I can Recommend

By the LITERARY CRITIC

THE Encyclopædia Britannica Company and their General Editor, Mr. Lawrence Dawson, are to be congratulated on the impressive outline of universal history that they are offering to the reading public under the title of "The March of Man."

The book consists of three sections: a chronological time chart, prepared from data contained in the 14th edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica; an atlas of ancient and modern history; and a series of illustrations portraying persons, events or places "so far as possible in the manner in which they appeared in their contemporaries."

It is a work that should prove invaluable both to the serious student of history and to the ordinary layman, who is interested in the study of human progress, but has not the time to consult or assimilate the information contained in the voluminous mass of literature that represents universal history.

The Designer of the Crystal Palace

It was a lucky day for the young gardener in charge of "creepers and new plants" at the then recently opened Chiswick Gardens of the Horticultural Society when the attention of the sixth Duke of Devonshire was first attracted to him.

He was only 23 at the time and was very "raw" in his horticultural knowledge. But the Duke seems to have taken to him at once, and it was not long before the youth of 23 was offered and had accepted the post of gardener at Chatsworth at a salary of about as many shillings as his years numbered!

That was the humble beginning from which sprung the subsequent good fortune of a famous Victorian—Sir Joseph Paxton, the creator of the Crystal Palace that housed the Prince Consort's famous International Exhibition.

Miss Violet Markham, the granddaughter of Paxton, has given us an admirably balanced life of this eminent Victorian.

But Miss Markham cannot avoid a sigh of regret that, with all his talents, his fame was not more lasting.

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The Naval Mutiny of 1797

Few incidents have been more surprising and alarming in Britain's history than the mutiny at Spithead and the Nore towards the close of the eighteenth century.

The character and causes of this remarkable out-

break, which occurred in the middle of a war and literally shook the country from end to end, have never been fully explored, and the joint authors of "The Floating Republic"—the name given at the time to the ships in mutiny—are to be congratulated on the patient and exhaustive research into contemporary records that has enabled them to set out the facts in such complete detail. They show how genuine were the grievances of the mutineers and how badly the authorities bungled.

In one part at least it was ordered with rigid discipline, a respect for officers and unswerving loyalty to the King. . . . Moreover, it was so rationally grounded that it not only achieved its immediate end, the betterment of the sailors' lot, but also began a new and lasting epoch in naval administration. . . . The mutineers at the Nore at one time had London at their mercy. . . . Yet they had done no more than rifle a few ships to fill their own stomachs. Had their policy been born of revolutionary ideas, they would certainly not have let slip such a decisive opportunity.

Excellent Short Stories

Peter Traill in "Red, Green and Amber" (Grayson, 7s. 6d.) has written a collection of short stories which are distinguished for crisp, concise expression, variety of subject and treatment and a light and effective touch. He has dealt with many subjects with an economy of words and means that recalls the greatest of French short-story writers and a pleasant irony flavoured with real humour holds his readers sympathies. A more pleasant companion for a holiday than "Red, Green and Amber" it would be hard to find.

History and Biography: "The March of Man" (A chronological record, with an historical atlas of 96 pages and 64 plates), General Editor: Lawrence H. Dawson (Encyclopædia Britannica Co., 52s. 6d.); "Paxton and the Bachelor Duke," by Violet Markham (Hodder and Stoughton, illustrated, 20s.). "The Floating Republic," by G. E. Manwaring and Bonamy Dobree (Geoffrey Bles, illustrated, 10s. 6d.); "Fighting Through Life," by Joe Toole (Rich & Cowan, 5s.).

Fiction—"Red, Green and Amber," by Peter Traill (Grayson, 7s. 6d.). "The Wish Child," by Ina Seidel, translated by G. Dunning Gribble (Lane, the Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.); "Blind Gunner," by Rupert Croft-Cooke (Jarrolds); "The Woman and the Sea," by Concha Espina (Jarrolds); "Ambition's Harvest," by Nellie M. Scanlon (Jarrolds); "A Month of Summer," by Allen Wells (Melrose); "The Carreta," by B. Travers (Chatto and Windus); "Beauty's Daughter," by Kathleen Norris (Murray); "Picked Up," by Arthur Applin (Hurst & Blackett).

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